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BINGEN.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

A Soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was a lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, " I never more shall see my own, my native land ;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

" Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely,—and when the day was done
Fall many a corsie lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars :
But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life morn's decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

" Tell my Mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage :
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild ;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword ;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

" Tell my Sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine !

" There's another—not a sister ;—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye ;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning,—
Oh ! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning !
Tell her the last night of my life—(for ere this moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison.)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

" I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear ;
And down the pleasant river and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still :
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore and well remembered walk ;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine !"

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he s'ghed and ceased to speak :
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled ;
The Soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead !
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle field, with bloody corpses strown ;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

AN IMAGE.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

Sounds of music in the palace,
Festal lute and lyre,
Swelling in a sudden triumph
Higher still and higher !
Sounds of dancers, in their gladness
Bounding through the hall,
Sounds of young, sweet, singing voices ;—
While through all, through all,
Steals the tinkling silvery murmur
Of the fountain's fall !

But that voice of exultation
Soon doth faint and die ;—
Riseth now a cry of mourning
And fierce agony.
O'er the mirth and o'er the revel
Sinks the funeral pall ;
And the funeral bell is tolling ;—
But through all, through all,
Steals the tinkling, silvery murmur
Of the fountain's fall.

So, within the palace chambers
Of full many a heart,

One thought oftentimes doth linger,
And will not depart :
Grief may moan, or sadness languish,
Or bright joy befall,—
That one thought is interwoven
Still through all, through all,
Like the tinkling, silvery murmur
Of the fountain's fall.

LOVE AND HOPE.

AN ALLEGORY.

How vague are our ideas of the human mind—of the spirit of humanity dwelling within. We speak in the tender tones of Love, or with the tumultuous passion of Hate, forgetting that out of the heart are the issues of life ; and that as we invoke blessings so are we blessed, or as we allow the vengeance of curses to direct, so are we for the time being accursed. The common proverb, that " curses, like chickens, come home to roost," is an exemplification of this truth, gleaned by those who have studied results, and the wisdom of the remark is confirmed by the teachings of Holy writ. Thus, as the heart reposes amidst the promptings of Love or Charity, so does it possess the peace of Heaven ; and, contrariwise, when it takes to itself the demon of Hate, how fevered are all its pulses, the continuance in which will turn to madness.

We are told that man's heart, before the first transgression was committed, which brought misery and death into the world, was pure and unspotted ; and, like as the bright mirror reflecting the human face, so did it reflect the bright image of its Divine Author. Our first parents were then at peace with the world and with themselves—their spirits were moved with heavenly tranquil pleasures, revelling in the continued praise of innocent delight. But thanks and gratitude—let them be for ever the response with us—that through His all-enduring mercy, the human heart still retains some slight capacity for the glorious light, though even like a broken mirror reflecting amidst a darkened gloom an imperfect and disconnected image, yet it still gives forth an earnest to improve and to hope that the spirit's breathing may become, by grace, so pure as no longer to sully its returning brightness ; but then we shall have ended our probationary state on earth and be for ever free.

This epitome of my thoughts will serve to give an idea of the seriousness of my meditations in the course of a recent solitary ramble in the country, when, on my return, the serenity of my mind, which is usually increased upon such excursions, was suddenly overturned by encountering a poor drunken wretch, covered with filth and rags, rolling in the dust on the road sides with his features swollen and bloated by long continued intemperance. He, however, had sufficient consciousness left to be aware of my approach, when with great effort he endeavoured to rise, but failing in steadiness, he contented himself with sitting upon the bank. I stopped before him in compassion, but loathed thus to see the form we wear, so disgraced. He eyed me with a demon look of envy, and began to curse and swear. Therefore, to reason with him or to give any charitable or kind advice, while he was in that degraded state, was worse than " casting pearls before swine." I resumed my homeward way, oppressed with melancholy ; all the poetry of my meditations, and the pleasures of my walk, were dashed from me. Feeling no longer the elasticity which bright images give to the mind, I felt tired, and sought the shelter of an umbrous tree in an adjacent field, whose giant limbs o'er-canopied a wide extent of ground ; here on its gnarled root I reclined. The lengthening shadows of evening were every moment becoming more apparent, but the ample covering above and around secured me within their cooling realms. The near landscape before me was composed of the usual elements, constituting the suburbs of a commercial city ; and beyond, in the distance, enveloped in a smoky atmosphere, the city itself with all its ample bay, and wharfs lined with forests of masts. Its noise of many wheels, the din and clank of many trades, the shoutings and angered passions of the multitude, were all mingled into a sullen roar, which swelled and died with varying cadence upon the evening breeze. Suddenly there arose a dense column of smoke and immediately after the alarm bells were heard in sad dismay, as they flung their brazen tones from out their steeped heights, but, above all, boomed the cannon's roar, as it discharged its iron messenger of death. My ear painfully caught these dreadful voices of misery and woe, which told of crushed hopes, blasting enmities, rankling envies, and the whole train of maligant passions. Alas ! I exclaimed, that man should so far forget or neglect his highest happiness, as to make his bosom the fit habitation of demon spirits.

After the subsidence of the cannon's roar, the other sounds seemed comparatively hushed—but my mind continued to be oppressed, and it sank into a melancholy repose, which remained, to a certain extent, after the closing of my outward senses by sleep, if so it could be called, for I was not conscious

having closed my eyes. I noted the city to be still before me, and watched the lights appearing one after another in the various dwellings, but what surprised me was the marvellous power I possessed of being able to enter within the walls of large building, which proved to be a Lunatic Asylum, where the full horrors of blasted intellect unfolded many a sad tale. Here its deplorable inmates, freed from the controlling power of reason, manifested in varying extent the fiendish passions of our fallen nature. As I witnessed the deplorable extent of misery, in the victims of raving madness, my soul was stirred to its lowest depths, and rose in dark rebellion against the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator. A thick cloud of darkness now seemed to envelope me, and I became aware of a downward motion, which caused me to look beneath, where I saw a lurid light, flashing amidst rolling sulphurous vapors, and I heard dreadful oaths, curses, and appalling sounds. This then, methought, must be the bottomless pit, where despair for ever dwells, and mad ambition mocks with impotent rage the power above. My soul shrank within me for very terror, I stood aghast at the proud rebellion it had dared to raise, and then became humble and contrite. With averted eyes I breathed forth a child-like prayer for aid, when suddenly my downward course was stayed by a messenger of light, in whose bright image shone the most ineffable benignity. "Mortal!" he said, in accents mild and sweet, "know thou this irreversible law, that like as the fragments of iron are attracted by the magnets, so each succeeding thought, prompted by good or by evil, shall link thy soul in adamantine chains of glorious liberty or of black despair. Cherish therefore within thy inmost self, the quickening attributes of Love and Hope, from which shall spring the bright sun of charity to illumine thy onward, upward path. Behold I am ever near, to hear the suppliant's prayer;—lean on me!"

A delightful sensation at once pervaded my whole being as I tremblingly obeyed, and immediately I became conscious of a rapid ascent, attended with an increasing joyousness of heart as I neared the opening portals of material day,—for it was to earth I was being borne. At length the golden sun burst full upon me, and soon dispersed night's vapory mists, that hung suspended over the waking world. I now found myself walking the earth, my feet brushing the dew drops from the tapering blades of grass which grew on the summit of a lofty hill. Looking around, I discovered a boundless horizon melting into the grey tints of the early morning sky. Beneath the hill was a sea port, with an ample bay, formed by a reef of rocks, on the extremity of which stood a light-house, the light still burning. A number of ships were arriving and departing, and my ear caught the same busy roar that always proceeds from large cities. A dull monotonous rushing of water, near by, caused me to turn and see from whence it proceeded; when I discovered a living rock, out of which a gushing fountain issued. It must have flowed for ages, since it had worn for itself a well-like basin. Upon this rock there was seated a female exceedingly fair, clad in a tunic, devoid of ornament, and girt round the waist with a band of the same material. She had bright sunny tresses bound up by crimson bands, so that they concealed no part of her face, which was of the most perfect symmetry, and delightful to look upon, yet she had a seriousness of expression inclining to melancholy, as she sat gazing upon the surrounding scene, though with such slight interest as to amount to apathy. The sailing ships and other moving objects would arrest her attention for a moment only, but the dim verge of the distant horizon was continuously watched as if she might receive from thence a power to animate her being.

From the anchor by her side, I learned she was the being we mortals call Hope; but such seriousness and gloom puzzled me exceedingly, for I had been taught to believe that she was always cheerful, if not smiling. Her sadness raised my curiosity to know the cause, and for that purpose I addressed her, but the answer she made was vague, and uttered in a tone of voice so dull and heavy, that there was no life in it, it smote upon my heart without producing an echo. How strange—I mused aloud—that we should have regarded her as the last great boon of heaven to man!—when suddenly there dropped at my feet a fragrant flower, and immediately a rosy cherub, with gauze-like wings, rustled past me, scattering other flowers with no niggard hand. He was armed with bow and arrows, which, he laughingly exclaimed as he flung them by the anchor's side, "were needful only in warfare against proud rebellious man."

I knew him by these weapons, and by his arch playfulness to be Love, the first-born of Creation.

The whole expression of Hope now changed, her serious mood giving place to confiding joyousness; and as Love enticed her to play, she essayed to catch him; but he was much too quick to be entrapped while yet he had the will to be free; she therefore changed her active mode, and again seating herself by the ever flowing stream, allowed the arch boy to use his flowery missiles of attack, which were caught and treasured in her lap till all his stock was gone. At length he approached within arm's reach, and after much coyness he suffered himself to be seated in her lap and almost smothered with kisses; these he returned with the whole power of his nature, then, dandling him on her foot for his amusement, she hummed a sprightly tune.

I had been so engrossed in witnessing these delightful sports, as to be regardless of the change which I now perceived had come over the surrounding scene, giving to dull monotonous sounds the pleasing cadence of harmony. The single gushing fountain of living waters had burst its usual bounds and now poured forth a fresh and stronger jet, which mingled its murmuring music in unison with its elder stream, and formed a delightful accompaniment to the merry tune of Hope. The busy hum of the distant city melted into gentle symphonies. The ingenious mechanic, as he cheerily plied his trade; the sturdy husbandmen in the neighbouring fields, as they onward ploughed or scattered on the well-tilled soil the tiny grain—all sent up to Heaven their glad harmonies of praise. The grasshoppers and crickets, birds and bees, indeed all and every

sound of animated nature, had become vocal, seeming emulous in their various ways of expressing joy. The anchor, simple emblem of Hope, was now wreathed with roses, the leafless tree upon which it leaned, burst forth with flowery life, and gave token to be succeeded by refreshing fruit in the appointed time. The broad expansive firmament around changed its dull grey of morning light into the rainbow hues of promise.

"Man's heart," I exclaimed, "should be for ever filled with gratitude, and a living monument of faith be erected there, pointing heavenward like the tall tapering spire of yon distant church."

My own spirit, too, was changed in unison with the scene around; and oh! how great that change from such withering darkness of fell despair, to such beaming brightness of Love and Hope. I was now in the full ecstasy of being, my every thought and wish was bright and joyous. I panted to bless others as I myself was blessed, and longed for action to unfold to my fellow mortals the glorious truth I now had learned, that every dark thought of fierce ambition, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, led to the black regions of woe and gaunt despair, while Love and Hope fitted the soul to receive the glorious light of liberty and joy.

I looked around for my benign ministering Angel to crave permission to depart, that I might proclaim this heavenly knowledge to the suffering world below, and prostrating myself before his luminous form, I uttered my prayer in deep humility but in unutterable thankfulness. He bowed his head, and spoke in a gentle voice, that might be compared to the low breathings of ten thousand seraphs attuned to the finest harmony. It was a soft "still voice" proclaiming a solemn truth—"Know thou this verity, that the world without is but the echo of the world within. Him whom thou dost worship, thou dost serve; therefore the God of Love and Hope has commanded that, if thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink, if naked clothe him—for thou art doubly blessed in giving and in having the means wherewith to give—and thus thy way shall be illumined by a glorious sun, to the end that thy mortality may be clothed with a bright immortality when thou shalt become like me, a minister of good; but if thou wilt not choose this sunny path, but pursue the way of darkness and hate,—thou hast had a glimpse of the inevitable doom. Choose, therefore, whom thou wilt serve, the God of Love and Hope, or the Demon power of Hate and dark Despair."

The vision left me and I became conscious of the silvery light of the full moon, bathing the surrounding landscape, with its cool, subdued, and refreshing light. The tumultuous noise of the distant city had subsided into a busy hum, like to a closed hive of working bees. The field cricket piped a cheerful note, and a neighbouring rill pursued its rippling course along its pebbly bed: all was at peace within and without.

I now resumed my homeward road, pondering upon the truth of the aphorisms, that the world without is but an echo of the world within. Thus, as we choose, a blessing or a curse is ever near.

G.H.

THE DISMASTED BRIG; OR, NAVAL LIFE IN TEXAS.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

On the fifteenth day of December, 1842, I walked to the end of the Middle Wharf, Galveston, preparatory to being pulled on board the brig Archer, of 18 guns, then and there to take up my residence for some considerable time. The Texan navy had been long going to decay; want of money and bad management had commenced its career of destruction, and accidents had completed it. The ship Austin and the brig Wharton were at the time I speak of at New Orleans, with Commodore Moore and one or two officers, but without one man even to pull them ashore in the dingy, or cook a meal of victuals. The schooner San Antonio had just put to sea with forty men and a full complement of officers, and been lost with all on board; the steamer Zavala was half sunk in Galveston Harbour, for want of a few trifling repairs; the schooner San Bernard lay high and dry on the beach, where she had been deposited during the awful gale in which her consort had foundered; in fine, the sole representative of the Texan navy in a native harbour was the good brig Archer, to which, my own vessel the San Bernard being untenable, I was now about to be transferred.

A finer brig, a faster sailer, a vessel more elegant in her proportions, and a craft more useful in such a war as that carried on between Texas and Mexico, never sailed out of Baltimore than the Archer, *alias* the Galveston, *alias* the Jim Bowie. Her age was not three years, and not a stick was standing in her, save the lower masts. A finger might be inserted in every seam, her deck let the water into the cabins and state-rooms, and all for want of a little energy and a few dollars. Never did a Government more fatally betray its trust than that which had recently been elected by acclamation, and for which, not long since the crews of six vessels, fully manned, had voted, to the last powder monkey. The yards and spars either encumbered the deck and filled up the hammock-railing, or had been transferred to the Wharton, to refit which she had taken to pieces. Her rigging was principally between decks, where also that of the poor San Bernard was deposited. And not one of these fine vessels had ever been paid for, and will all have vanished from the face of the earth before anything of the kind is thought of. My old friend and companion, the schooner, was within a hundred yards of where I stood, with her deck at an angle of forty-five degrees, and I could not but regard her with a feeling of regret and sorrow, knowing, as I did, that five hundred dollars would have set her afloat again, and enable us to cruise once more in search of Mexican dollars, cigars, and black eyes, such as those which had taken such forcible possession of our hearts at Tobasco. Many a pleasant reminiscence of scenery, adventure, and social converse flashed across my mind, and I stood in deep abstraction, when a boat came alongside the wharf from the brig. I stepped in, sat down in the stern-sheets, and, taking possession of the tiller, the crew pulled back. All were dressed as common sailors, but, to my surprise (I not being then quite aware of the true state of the case,) I soon recognised in the hands who manned the old familiar six-oared cutter, two midshipmen, the captain's clerk, the cook, and, finally, the sailing master, or Master-Commandant Arcambal, as fine a young Gallic American officer as ever hailed from Baltimore in Maryland. In a few minutes we reached the starboard gangway,

and I stepped on board. The scene presented by the deck was, for a man-of-war, somewhat original. The space between the fore and mainmast,—which, by the way, raked aft more than usual even in an American built craft,—was entirely filled up by spars from aloft, covered by old sails; strewed about were handspikes, oars, boat hooks, boat-masts and sails, firewood, water casks, &c., while a pig, the property of Capt. C— roamed about, lord of the deck. The eighteen guns of the good brig had been transferred to the fort on Galveston Island, but the Archer had on board the heavy armament of the schooner,—eight 18 pounders and her long Tom. Crew there was none, save and except Hussy the cook, an original of whom I must say a passing word. Born in the neighbourhood of Somers' Town, he had begun life as a bricklayer, emigrating, however, to New York, he had been promoted to the position of supernumerary in the Park theatre; thence proceeding to Baltimore, he ruralised as a market gardener with an uncle of his who had preceded him, until the arrival of a Texan fleet in search of men, when he was tempted by the offer of twenty dollars a month, and plenty of prize money, to turn sailor. Two years service had, however, brought him not one red cent, and now, in the absence of other duties, he had turned cook to the officers of the brig Archer, though belonging to the schooner San Bernard, as did all on board.

Having described the crew, let me speak of the superiors. Capt. C—, an Englishman, and formerly a Middy in the British navy, was, and is, I hope, one of the finest specimens of a gentleman it was ever my lot to meet on salt water. A somewhat protracted mingling with Yankees had tainted him with some of their bad habits, but they were concealed by so great an abundance of good qualities that one readily passed them over. Lieuts. S— and Arcambal, the former from Rhode Island, the latter from the "monumental," were by far the most good hearted and agreeable Jonathans I had yet seen; and Judge B—, as we facetiously called an Englishman who had lived on board some months, was a merry, joyful, and hearty a fellow as ever sailed round Cape Horn, fought under Carlist colours in Spain, rammed over the Pampas, smoked cigars and drank sangaree in Valparaiso, Lima, Rio Janeiro, or Vera Cruz, boarded a Mexican, or marched to Santa Fé, all of which exploits our cosmopolitan had performed. These formed with your humble servant, the number of the privileged,—that is, those who dwelt in and around the cabin and ward room. The steerage contained Denis Doyle, the Captain's clerk, a merry, kind, obliging, though *tant-soi peu* indolent young Irishman, a hot Repealer, with whom I had before and since many an adventure by sea and land; Smith, a go ahead Yankee Midshipman; A. C. Goodall, ditto, with the addition of being as conceited a little Jonathan as ever wore an anchor on his jacket.

When I reached the vessel it was just dinner time; and to that meal I was shortly summoned. While we are stepping down the gangway let me induct the reader into some of the secrets of the prison house. The officers on board had all been many years in the service of the republic of Texas, without receiving one penny of pay or prize money, in part from want of means on the side of the executive, and in part from a misappropriation of funds,—the money voted by Congress for the navy having been devoted by President Sam Houston to frontier protection, and to buy off the more troublesome and warlike Indians. The six months which all, save myself, had spent in idleness on board the brig Archer, had consumed not only nearly all the stores, but the habiliments, uniform, and even the crockery of the gentlemen. Government supplied them with nothing. The navy-agent had no funds. Half a barrel of salt pork, one barrel of beef, one ditto of bread, and certain Mexican beans formed the whole amount of the ship's provisions, if we add a few sweet potatoes purchased by the officers, from what fund Yankee ingenuity alone can tell. Coffee, tea, sugar, candles, there was none. Yuppian tea had been often used, as a *dernier ressort*,—a kind of *tisane* far from agreeable.

Dinner was served in the gun-room by the cook, consisting of bean-soup, fried beans, fried pork, boiled beef. Biscuits and yams took the place of vegetables. All ate heartily, though heartily sick of a fare so incessantly repeated, and we then adjourned to the Captain's cabin, where a stove was an exceedingly agreeable adjunct to our comfort. Though some twenty degrees nearer the line than London, on the water fire was very welcome all the winter. Being "one of us," all the expedients which the neglect of Government had forced upon as fine a set of sailors as ever broke biscuit were laid open to me. Coffee, it was intimated, was a gone case, though how we could spend the evening without it was more than any could tell. A stray dollar, however which I brought forth from the recesses of my pilot-coat, settled the question for that occasion, and Hussy, with Doyle to watch over him, went ashore to lay out the silver to the best advantage. I was then informed that the service—wholly represented by those present—was without a red cent. Not so much as a skin-plaster or note was owned by the whole navy. The government paid no attention to any applications for pay or provender—not even answering the respectful remonstrances of the gentlemen assembled, who, when the San Bernard went ashore, had gone on board the Archer, with a crew of forty men, half a dozen Midshipmen, and officers in all departments. Starvation and desertion had reduced us to the numerical force above enumerated. But as we intended remaining yet a little while at our posts, live we must, and it was quite impossible in a climate like Texas that we should do so on salt-beef alone. We had all drawn on our governors (not an officer in the Texan navy numbered six and twenty years) and friends until we were ashamed, as men and naval officers, to do so any more. Besides, we were decided that, as we served the republic, the rebusilic must keep us—how, and in what manner, remained to be seen.

Some time previously we had, at the request of the High Sheriff of Galveston, protected a young man from the summary jurisdiction of Judge Lynch and kept him on board until he had an opportunity of leaving the country. Perhaps in strict justice he deserved the ducking he was about to receive; but as this was preparatory to strangulation, we interfered. The offence of which he had been guilty was defaming the character of his employer's wife, in order to induce the master to discharge the foreman of his establishment, and give him the place. This, we own, merited punishment, but not a rifle bullet, and accordingly he had been protected behind the guns of the brig. The High Sheriff (Smith), an exceedingly pleasant and agreeable sort of fellow, had accordingly promised us two quarters of fresh beet, in consideration of the old junk which the youth had swallowed. This we determined to claim on the morrow. Judge B— averred his credit good for a tolerable quantity of wax candle and sugar, and I answered for some twenty pounds of coffee, in return for an equal number of quarter dollars, which, much to the marvel of my friends, I pulled out in the shape of a genuine portrait of Queen Victoria.

"Bless her heart," cried Lieut. S—, "I could almost conclude to turn British if I could but see a few more such representatives of your little Vic. By the way, Brother Luff, you mustn't forget a plug of chewing tobacco."

I answered for the Cavendish, and the future thus satisfactorily provided

for in imagination, we were glad to hail the return of Hussy with coffee, cigars, tobacco, and a bottle of Monongahela. As the coffee had to be roasted and pounded ere it was imbibed, we each lighted a cigar; and while Capt. C— read a new English novel, in one of Benjamin Park or Park Benjamin's practical reprints, we four (S., A., B., and I.) sat down to whist, to the exhilarating music of our cook's Cockney verses, which, when he came to the pounding part—keeping time in his song with the motion of his arms—were irresistibly comic. At length coffee came in, in a huge tin, and was divided between us in various utensils of a nondescript character. Capt. C— by right of seniority, had a tall white mug, without a handle; I, a china cream jug; S—, a basin; Arcambal, a tin can; and Judge B—, an ornamental flower-pot. The memorable night which had shipwrecked our schooner, had also smashed our crockery. Milk of course we had none, my whole residence in Texas having only produced a sight of this article on four several occasions. Coffee over, we returned to whist and cigars, which, with some dozen yarns of considerable length, kept us awake until a late hour.

At nine on the following morning we rose to a breakfast composed of salt beef and pork, washed down by bowls of coffee, and then went on shore; and after considerable wanderings up and down the town, succeeded in obtaining all the plunder to which I have above alluded, and we enjoyed during some time a luxurious state of existence, which was occasionally diversified by social visits to the houses of certain of the *committes* of Galveston, where we made up for ship discomfort to our heart's content. Often, when our larder was particularly unpromising, we readily availed ourselves of the general invitations received from the Captains of the Iron Queen, Alpha, and Nomade, the two former English, and the third French, and dined or supped on board them. The only American vessel in port we never visited; but from the former we ever received a hearty welcome, which on our part was reciprocated as far, as it lay in our power. A short time after my return to the Archer, the yacht Dolphin, Capt. Houston, arrived in port, and Capt. C— being personally acquainted with that gentleman and his very agreeable lady, as also was Judge B—, they constantly visited on board. For myself, I kept quite in the background; I had an introduction to Mr. Houston in my pocket book, but I was long since heartily ashamed of the part I was playing, and though not liking to own it, was only waiting for a proper opportunity to escape. Accordingly I made myself known to as few persons as possible. The chief difficulty which presented itself in the way of Capt. C— was the marvellously seedy state of our uniforms, and a minor obstacle to his visits consisted in the want of a crew to man his cutter. The first was obviated by a general subscription of garments, and the second by going alongside the yacht in my dingy "Greville Brooke," which could be easily pulled by one man. On state occasions, Lieut. S—, Judge B—, Arcambal, and myself, doused jackets and tarpaulin hats, the Middies did likewise, and, with Hussy, we made quite a grand show. True, the crew of the Dolphin considered us a most especial set of proud Yankees for not coming on board; but we sat gravely on the *bwarts*, awaiting in solemn silence the termination of our worthy Captain's visit, which sometimes was prolonged to an unconscionable extent. For this we generally rewarded him by a good lecture on the way back, though we all liked him too well to be seriously vexed.

Christmas Day we received an addition to our store in the shape of three gallons of brown sherry, when we immediately resolved, in secret committee, to kill the Captain's pig, and give a supper on the occasion of New Year's Eve. Capt. C— had a decided respect for his swine, and all our previous endeavours to induce him to slay the animal had proved futile. In vain had desroyed in wantonness several of our under garments, when at length, on Christmas Day, the beast plunged his sacrilegious teeth into a small pile of C—'s own wet blouses, and reduced them to shreds. "I wish some one would kill that pig," exclaimed our excellent Captain, in his wrath, though with as much sincerity of intention as the King who wished the death of Thomas à Becket is said to have had by his friend. Early on the following morning the deed was done; and when Capt. C— came on deck, his pig was no more. His anger was excessive at first, but a portion of the animal, served at breakfast, dissipated his wrath, and he commanded our resolution.

In addition to giving the supper, we further determined to astonish the natives by firing, at the very instant of the old year's being out, a midnight salute from our guns. Accordingly we set to work, regulated our chronometers, and found the very half-second of correct time, when the manes of the past twelve months would rest in peace. The guns were loaded, and every preparation made. Our supper was nowise to be despised as far as the provisions and drinkables were concerned; we had roast pig, beef in all forms, oysters by hundreds, potatoes, sherry, and whiskey; crockery and cutlery were the great desiderata. For this reason we determined not to invite our guests until late on the evening in question, the better to excuse our want of ceremony, and to give our supper more the air of a sudden and extempore feast.

The evening arrived, and about nine o'clock I and Capt. C—*, in Texan dress, i. e., in loose marine great coats, sou'-westers, and two linen inexpressibles, entered the heavy six-oared cutter, and pulled ourselves ashore on the errand of invitation. On our way to the first house, which we intended taking by storm, I and my companion provided ourselves each with a bottle of Monongahela whiskey, to add to our stock on board. This performed, we approached the mansion of the Powers (Irish merchants), the juvenile partners being included in our list of proper persons to invite. We ascended the stairs which graced the outside of the building, and knocking, were admitted by a jingy female slave, rejoicing in the elegant name of Flora.

What happened there, our adventures on that memorable night, and the miseries we finally endured on board "the Dismasted Brig," we must narrate in a concluding paper.

MR. EDWARD HOLMES'S LIFE OF MOZART.

The leading points or rather the popular wonders in the career of Mozart are well known. Every anecdote-book of musicians tells how at three years old he delighted himself by striking chords on the harpsichord; how his father, a sound and in his day and distract a celebrated musician, began to teach him, half in sport and half in earnest; with what rapidity the child mastered the practical art of music, whilst he instinctively composed little pieces, and finally a concerto; and how, at six years of age, the father, the prodigy, and an elder sister, made a musical tour, embracing Munich, Paris, and London. Any striking story of his youth and manhood—such as the composition of the Overture of *Die Giovanni* on the day the piece was produced, and its performance without rehearsal—is equally well known; and the singular not to say mysterious circumstances connected with his own death and his last production, *The*

* Since the above was written, I am grieved to hear that my excellent friend has perished a victim to yellow fever.

Requiem, have been circulated in various forms, with the last mystery heightened into the supernatural.

The facts of Mozart's career were equally accessible in biographical receptions. Such as, that he was born in 1756, at Salzburg, where his father was Vice-Kapellmeister to the Archbishop; that on the return of the family-party from their professional tour in 1766, Mozart and his father commenced a new one to Vienna and Italy, which may be said to have lasted till 1772,—the epoch of a new and unmusical Archbishop of Salzburg, from whose ignorance and haughty temper both the Mozarts suffered much. Their sojourn at Salzburg, however, was to a considerable extent nominal; the reputation of Mozart, and a dislike to his situation, inducing continual tours, in which his father usually accompanied him. At last, in September 1777, when Mozart was in his twenty-second year, the Archbishop became unbearable, and the young musician started on a tour to better himself; but, after trying one or two German capitals and Paris without success, or perhaps without patience to wait for it, he had to return to the Archbishop's service. In 1781, Mozart, having previously composed *Idomeneo* for the Elector of Bavaria, accompanied his employer to Vienna; at which city they finally parted. Mozart selected the Austrian capital for his residence during the remainder of his son's life; which closed in 1791,—prematurely destroyed by incessant activity, and anxious struggles with an adverse fortune, in some degree created by his own thoughtless good nature and want of prudence.

This meagre outline, more or less filled up, may be found in almost every biographical dictionary: but the only regular English biography of the Shakespeare of music is a translation of a French translation from the German. To supply this deficiency in our literature, by giving a minute and vivid picture of the daily life and character of Mozart, with a view of his influence upon music, is the object of Mr. Holmes; which he has very ably and agreeably accomplished.

Mr. Holmes has confined his materials to pure biography with a strictness quite unexampled in these days, and in his criticisms and remarks he is full without over-minuteness. A few extracts, however, will convey an idea of his mode of treatment, and of the sort of matter that will be found in his pages.

The following anecdote contains a great truth; though Mozart was perhaps somewhat hyperbolical, for it is difficult to suppose that so sound a musician as his father had not made him thoroughly acquainted with the literature of music as he certainly had with general literature.

MOZART ON COMPOSING.

During one of his journeys, Mozart was the guest of a musician, whose son, a boy of twelve years old, already played the pianoforte very skilfully. "But, Herr Kapellmeister," said the boy, "I should like very much to compose something. How am I to begin?" "Pho, pho, you must wait." "You composed much earlier." "But asked nothing about it. If one has the spirit of a composer, one writes because one cannot help it." At these words, which were uttered in a lively manner by Mozart, the boy looked downcast and ashamed. He, however, said, "I merely meant to ask if you could recommend me any book." "Come, come," returned Mozart, kindly patting the boy's cheek, "all that is of no use. Here, here, and here," pointing to the ear, the head, and heart, "is your school. If all is right there, then you may take the pen without delay."

MOZART ON WONDERFUL EXECUTION.

"You are to know that, before dinner, he [the Abbé Vogler] had scrambled through my concerto (the same which the young lady of the house plays) *prima vista*. The first movement went *prestissimo*, the andante *allegro*, and the rondo again *prestissimo*. He played the bass, for the most part, differently from that written, and often changed both harmony and melody entirely. As for his rapidity, it surpasses everything; neither eyes nor hands can follow it. But what kind of sight-playing is that? Hearers—I mean those who are worthy of the name—can only say that they have seen music and clavichen-playing; they hear, think, and feel as little during it as the performer himself. You may easily suppose how insupportable it was, as I was in no condition to say, 'Much too fast.' Besides, it is much easier to play a thing quickly than slowly; because, in the former case, many notes may be dropped out of a passage and not missed; but is that desirable? In rapid execution, the performer may change the right and the left hands without its being noticed; but is that good? And in what does the art of playing at sight consist? Certainly in this—in playing a piece in the exact time in which it should go, and in giving to all the notes, passages, &c. their appropriate expression, so that a listener might imagine that he who played it had himself composed it."

MUSICAL COMPOSERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The profession of a dramatic composer seems to have been at this time one of incredible hardship. However successful an opera might be, the manager seldom increased the original sum agreed for with the composer, but left him to augment his stipend by arrangements of his work in "harmonies" for the public gardens, and in various other shapes for the music-sellers; so that the conclusion of an opera was but the commencement of his labour, if he wished to profit. But this was not all: musical property being entirely unprotected, and the score of a new opera left in the hands of the copyist, with liberty to dispose of as many transcripts on his own account as there might be a demand for, the composer was frequently forestalled and robbed of the fruits of his invention.

In the autumn of the year 1782, the Prussian Ambassador, Baron Von Reisel, ordered a copy of the score of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* to be sent to Berlin; and Mozart expressed his thanks that the commission was given to him and not to the copyist. In writing to his father on this subject, he appears to be so dissatisfied with the state of dramatic rewards as they affected the composer, that he had some idea of engaging in theatrical property on his own account. It would seem that the custom at that period was, as it has been since, to allow the copyist of the theatre to have the advantage, by way of perquisite, of furnishing copies of new music; and Mozart upon this occasion evidently felt that, however he might be warranted on every principle of reason and justice in disposing of a copy of his own work, he was committing a violation of established usage, which his enemies would be sure to bring against him on the first opportunity.

EFFECT OF MANNERS.

Le Nozze di Figaro is the third dramatic piece which its composer had produced by desire of the Emperor Joseph; the whole of whose splendid patronage had hitherto consisted in setting Mozart to work, and in repaying him by an occasional bow in public—by granting him a general facility of access, and treating him with a great store of what Parson Evans in the play contumuously calls "good works." It is worth while to contrast the two patrons of the composer, the Emperor Joseph and the Archbishop of Salzburg, for the sake of the light they reflect upon his character. The Emperor, who spoke

respectfully of his art, but gave him nothing, inspired him with a degree of attachment that almost brought his understanding into question; while the Archbishop, who provided him with some means of existence, coupled with insults and degradations, was the object of his unmitigated dislike.

DEALING WITH A SINGER.

The original Zerlina of the opera was Signora Bondini, daughter of the manager. In rehearsing that part of the finale of the first act where she is seized by Don Giovanni, there was some difficulty in getting her to scream in the right manner and place. It was tried repeatedly, and failed. At length, Mozart, desiring the orchestra to repeat the piece, went quietly on the stage, and, awaiting the time that she was to make the exclamation, grasped her so suddenly and so forcibly, that, really alarmed, she shrieked in good earnest. He was now content. "That's the way," said he, praising her; "you must cry out just in that manner."

GLUCK AND MOZART COMPARED.

About this time, shortly after his return to Vienna, the long and eventful career of Gluck was brought to a close by a renewed attack of apoplexy. In dramatic accent, as well as in harmony and melody, this composer had so much in common with Mozart as to render it somewhat surprising that his works are now almost confined to the cabinet of the musician, while those of his contemporary still keep possession of the stage. But the reason will become obvious when it is considered that the interest in the operas of Gluck is maintained by short airs and short choruses, which form inseparable parts of a great whole and, artfully-contrived scenes, in which he moves no step without the immediate inspiration of the poetry and situation; while Mozart, on the contrary, fills up the scantiest outline from his invention, wandering at will, as he somewhere describes himself, in the mere luxury of imagination. How then does it happen that the one, who requires the theatre and an entire connected representation, should no longer keep possession of the stage, while the other, who furnishes such exquisite morsels for the concert-room and the chamber, still exercises his sovereignty there? For this simple reason, that in order to preserve popularity on the stage, it is necessary to supply the audience with music which they can carry out of the theatre—music which can be retained alone, and can charm by itself without the help of dramatic auxiliaries. It is because Mozart's operas are crowded with passages that wing their light into the concert-room and the chamber, that they have always maintained their influence on the stage. Another circumstance may also be referred to as giving them continual freshness—the choice of subjects; which are almost invariably derived from the romance of real life, affording greater scope for variety of style and contrasts of passion; while Gluck's operas are exclusively founded on remote and barbaric themes. Mozart, with his nervous and playful genius, keeps within the range of our sympathies: Gluck deals with materials that lie beyond them.

MOZART AND BEETHOVEN COMPOSING.

We may here take a picture of two great symphonists with a work still undergoing the process of gestation. Mozart when he washed his hands in the morning could never remain quiet, but traversed his chamber, knocking one heel against the other, immersed in thought. At table he would fasten the corners of his napkin, and, while drawing it backwards and forwards on his mouth, make grimaces, apparently "lost in meditation." Beethoven, in a fit of abstraction, would pour several jugs of water on his hands, "humming and roaring." After wetting his clothes through, he would pace up and down the room with a vacant expression of countenance, and eyes frightfully distended. Schlichtegroll has observed that Mozart's physiognomy was remarkable for its extreme nobility. The expression changed every moment. His body also was in perpetual motion; he was either playing with his hands or beating the ground with his foot.

THE GENIUS IN DECLINE.

Throughout this year of incessant occupation, discouragement was gaining ground upon him; and the thinness of his catalogue during 1789-90, when compositions appear only at the rate of one a month, or even at longer intervals, affords conclusive evidence of the fact. The music shops, as a source of income, were almost closed to him, as he could not submit his genius to the dictates of fashion. Hofmeister, the publisher, having once advised him to write in a more popular style, or he could not continue to purchase his compositions, he answered, with unusual bitterness, "Then I can make no more by my pen; and I had better starve, and go to destruction at once." The fits of dejection which he experienced were partly the effect of bodily ailments, but more of a weariness with the perplexity of affairs, and of a prospect which afforded him but one object on which he could gaze with certainty of relief, and that was—death. Constant disappointment introduced him to indulgences which he had not before permitted himself.

He became wild in the pursuit of pleasure: whatever changed the scene was delightful to him, and the more extravagant the better. His associates, and the frequent guests at his table, were recommended by their animal spirits and capacity as boon companions. They were stage players and orchestral musicians—low and unprincipled persons, whose acquaintance injured him still more in reputation than in purse. Two of these men, Schikaneder, the director of a theatre, (for whom Mozart wrote the *Zauberflöte*), and Stadler, a clarinet player, are known to have behaved with gross dishonesty towards the composer; and yet he forgave them, and continued their benefactor. The society of Schikaneder, a man of grotesque humour, often in difficulties, but of inexhaustible cheerfulness and good-fellowship, had attractions for Mozart, and led him into some excesses that contributed to the disorder of his health, as he was obliged to retrieve at night the hours lost in the day. A long continued irregularity of income, also, disposed him to make the most of any favourable moment; and when a few rouleaus of gold brought the means of enjoyment, the champagne and tokay began to flow. This course is unhappily no novelty in the shifting life of genius, overworked and ill rewarded, and seeking to throw off its cares in the pursuits and excitements of vulgar existence. It is necessary to know the composer as a man of pleasure, in order to understand certain allusions in the correspondence of his last years, when his affairs were in the most embarrassed condition, and his absence from Vienna frequently caused by the pressure of creditors. He appears at this time to have experienced moments of poignant self-reproach. His love of dancing, masquerades, masked balls, &c., was so great, that he did not willingly forego an opportunity of joining any one of those assemblies, whether public or private. He dressed handsomely, and wished to make a favourable impression in society independently of his music. He was sensitive with regard to his figure, and was annoyed when he heard that the Prussian Ambassador had said to some one, "You must not estimate the genius of Mozart by the insignificance of his exterior." The extremity of his animal spirits may occasion surprise. He composed pantomimes and ballets, and danced in them himself, and at the carnival balls sometimes assumed a character. He was actually incomparable

in Arlequin and Pierrot. The public masquerades at Vienna, during the carnival, were supported with all the vivacity of Italy : the Emperor occasionally mingled in them, and his example was generally followed. We are not, therefore, to measure these enjoyments by our colder Northern notions.

LANNES.

[The annexed account—from Mr. Headly's sketch of the career of *Lannes* in the last number of the American Review—of the closing scene in that gallant hero's life, and of the fearful rout at *Lobau*, will be read with interest.]

In the summer of 1809, after Vienna had fallen into his hands, Napoleon determined to pass the Danube and give the Archduke Charles battle, on the farther shore. The Danube, near Vienna, flows in a wide stream, embracing many islands in its slow and majestic movement over the plain. Bonaparte resolved to pass it at two points at the same time, at Nussdorf, about a mile above Vienna, and against the island of Lobau, farther down the river. Lannes took charge of the upper pass, and Massena of the lower—the two heroes of the coming battle of Aspern. Lannes, failing in his attempt, the whole army was concentrated at Lobau. On the evening of the nineteenth of May, Bonaparte surprised the Austrians on the island, and taking possession of it and the other islands around it, had nothing to do but to throw bridges from Lobau to the northern bank of the Danube, in order to march his army over to the extended plains to Marchfield, that stretched away from the bank to the heights of Bisamberg, where lay the Archduke with a hundred thousand men. Through unwearyed efforts Bonaparte was able to assemble on the farther shore, on the morning of the 21st, forty thousand men. The Archduke saw, from the heights he occupied, every movement of the French army, which seemed by its rashness and folly, to be rushing into the very jaws of destruction.

It was a cloudless summer morning, and as the glorious sun came flashing over the hill tops, a forest of glittering bayonets sent back its beams. The grass and flowers looked up smilingly to the blue heavens, both of which seemed unconscious of the carnage that was to end that day. Just as the sun had reached its meridian, the command to advance was heard along the heights, answered by shouts that shook the earth, and the roll of drums and thousands of trumpets, and wild choruses of the soldiers. While Bonaparte was still struggling to get his army over the bridge, while Lannes' corps was on the farther side, and Davout in Vienna, the Austrian army of eighty thousand men came rolling down the mountain side and over the plain, like a irresistible flood. Fourteen thousand cavalry accompanied this magnificent host, while three hundred cannon came trundling, with the sound of thunder, over the ground. The army advanced in five awful columns with a curtain of cavalry in front to conceal their movements and direction. Bonaparte looked with an unquiet eye on this advancing host, while his own army was still separated by the Danube. In a moment the field was in an uproar. Lannes, who had crossed, took possession of Essling, a little village that stood half a mile from the Danube; and Massena of Aspern, another village, standing at the same distance from the Danube, and a mile and a half from Essling. These two villages were the chief points of defence between which the French army was drawn up in a line. Around these two villages, in which were entrenched these two renowned leaders, were to be the heat and strength of the battle. Three mighty columns were seen marching with firm and rapid steps to Aspern, while towards Essling, where the brave Lannes lay, a countless host seemed moving. Between, thundered the two hundred and ninety pieces of cannon, as they slowly advanced enveloping the field in a cloud of smoke, blotting out the noonday sun, and sending death and havoc amid the French ranks. As night drew on the conflict became awful. Bursting shells, explosions of artillery, and volleys of musketry, were mingled with shouts of victory and cries of terror; while over all, as if to drown all, was heard at intervals the braying of trumpets and strains of martial music.

The village in which Massena and Lannes maintained their ground with such unconquerable firmness, took fire, and burned with a red flame over the nightly battle field, adding tenfold horror to the work of death. But we do not intend to describe the first day's battle. We shall refer to it again when we speak of Massena and Bessieres, who fought with a desperation and unconquerable firmness that astonished even Napoleon. At eleven o'clock at night the uproar of battle ceased, and through the slowly retiring cloud of war that rolled away towards the Danube, the stars came out one by one, to look on the dead and the dying. Groans and cries loaded the midnight blast, while the sleeping host lay almost in each other's embrace. Bonaparte wrapped in his military cloak, lay stretched beside the Danube, not half a mile from the enemy's cannon. The sentinels could almost shake hands across the space that interposed; and thus the living and the dead lay down together upon the hard fought field while the silent cannon, loaded with death, were pointed over the slumbering hosts. Lulled by the Danube, that rolled its turbulent flood by his side, and canopied by the stars, Napoleon rested his exhausted frame while he revolved the disastrous events of the day, and pondered how he might redeem his error. Massena had lost most of Aspern; but Lannes still held Essling, and had held it during one of the most sanguinary struggles of that fiercely fought battle. Early in the morning, as soon as the light broke over the eastern hills, the two armies were again on their feet, and the cannon opened anew on the walls of the living men. The French troops were dispirited, for the previous day had been one of defeat; while the Austrians were full of hope. But the rest of Lannes' corps had crossed the Danube during the night, while Davout, with nearly thirty thousand more, was marching with flying colours over the bridge. The Archduke had also received reinforcements, so that two armies of about a hundred thousand each stood ready to contest the field on the second day. At the commencement of the onset, Lannes was driven for the first time from Essling; but St. Hillare coming up to his aid, he rallied his defeated troops and led them back to the charge, retook the place, and held it though artillery, infantry and cavalry thundered upon it with shocks that threatened to sweep the village itself from the plain.

At length, Bonaparte, tired of acting on the defensive, began to prepare for his great and decisive movement on the centre. Massena was to hold Aspern, Davout to march on Essling, while Lannes, the brave Lannes, who had fought with such courage and almost superhuman energy for two days, was ordered with Oudinot to force the centre and cut the Austrian army in two. Bonaparte called him to his side, and from his station behind the lines which overlooked the field, pointed out to him the course he wished him to take. Lannes spurred to his post, and when all was ready Bonaparte came riding along the lines to animate the soldiers in the decisive onset that was about to be made. The shout of "Vive l' Empereur!" with which they received him, was heard above the roar of battle, and fell with an ominous sound upon the Austrian lines. Apprised by the shouts where the Emperor was passing, they immediately turned their cannon in that direction, hoping by a chance shot to strike

him down. General Monthier, was killed by his side, but the mightiest man of blood of all was not to fall by the sword. In a few minutes Lannes' awful columns were on the march, and moved with rapid speed over the field. Two hundred cannon were placed in front, and advanced like a rapidly moving wall of fire over the cumbered ground. Behind was the cavalry—the irresistible cuirassiers that had swept so many battle fields for Napoleon, and before the onset of which the best infantry of Europe had gone down.

The Imperial Guard formed the reserve. Thus arrayed and sustained, the terrible columns entered the close fire of the Austrian batteries and the deadly volleys of the infantry. Lannes knew that the fate of the battle was placed in his hands, and that the eye of Napoleon was fixed with the deepest anxiety upon him. He felt the weight of Europe on his shoulders and determined to sustain it. In front, clearing a path for his strong legions went the artillery, sending death and havoc over the field. Around the threatened point the whole interest of the battle gathered; and the most wasting and destructive fire opened on Lannes' steady ranks. But nothing could resist the weight and terror of their shock. Through and through the Austrian lines they went, with the strength of the inrolling tide of the sea. Into the wild battle gorge thus made by their advance the cavalry plunged at headlong gallop, shaking their sabres above their heads and sending their victorious shouts over the roar of the artillery. They dashed on the ranks with such fury that whole battalions broke and fled, crying "All is lost." Amid this confusion and terror still advanced the awful column of Lannes. On, on it moved with the strength of fate itself, and Bonaparte saw with delight his favorite Marshal wringing the crown from Germany and placing it on his head. At length the enveloped host pierced to the reserve grenadiers of the Austrian army, and the last fatal blow seemed about to be given. In this dreadful crisis the Archduke showed the power and heroism of Napoleon himself. Seeing that all was lost without a desperate effort, and apparently not caring for his life, if defeat must be endured, he spurred his steed among the shaking ranks, rallying them by his voice and bearing to the charge, and seizing the standard of Zach's corps, which was already yielding to the onset, charged at their head like a storm. His generals, roused by his example, dashed into the thickest of the fight, and at the head of their respective divisions fell like so many rocks upon the head of Lannes' column. Those brave officers, almost to a man, sunk before the destructive fire that opened upon them, but that dreadful column was checked for the first time in its advance, and stood like a living rock amid its foes. The Austrians were thrown into squares and stood like so many checkers on the field. Into the very heart of these Lannes had penetrated and stopped. The empire stopped with him, and Napoleon saw at once the peril of his chief. The brave cuirassiers that had broken the best infantry of the world were immediately ordered to the rescue. Shaking the ground over which they galloped—their glittering armor rattling as they came—they burst into the midst of the enemy and charged the now steady battalions with appalling fury. Round and round the firm squares they rode spurring their steeds against the very points of the bayonet, but in vain. Not a square broke, not a column fled; and, charged in turn by the Austrian cavalry, they were compelled to fall back on their own infantry. Still Lannes stood amid the wreck and carnage of the battle-field around him. Unable to deploy so as to return the terrific fire that wasted him, and disdaining to fly, he let his column melt away beside him. Being in squares the Austrians could fire to advantage, while Lannes could only return it from the edge of his column. Seeing that he dare not deploy his men, the Archduke had the cannon wheeled to within five rods of them, and there played on the dense masses.

Every discharge opened huge gaps, and men seemed like mist before destructive storm. Still the shivering column stood as if rooted to the ground, while Lannes surveyed with a flashing eye the disastrous field from which he saw there was no relief. Added to this, the ammunition began to fail, and his own cannon were less hotly worked. This completed the disaster; while, to render his situation still more desperate, a regiment had dashed in between his lines, which being immediately followed by others cut them in twain. Added to all, the news began to fly over the field that the bridges over the Danube had been carried away by the heavy boats that had been floated down against them. Still Lannes and his column disbanded to fly, and seemed to resolve to perish in their footsteps. The brave Marshal knew he could not win the battle but he knew also he could die on the spot where he struggled for a continent. Bonaparte, as he looked over the disordered field from his position, saw at once that the battle was lost. Still in this dreadful crisis he showed no agitation or excitement. Calm and collected as if on a mere review he surveyed the ruin about him, and by his firm bearing steadied the soldiers and officers amid whom he moved. Seeing that no time was to be lost if he would save the remnant of his army, for the bridges were fast yielding to the swollen stream, he ordered a general retreat. Lannes and his column then began to retire over the field. In a moment the retreat became general, and the whole army rolled heavily towards the bridge that crossed to the island of Lobau. As they concentrated on the shore it became one mighty mass, where not a shot could fall amiss.

The Archduke wishing to complete his victory by a total rout, immediately advanced with his whole army upon them. His entire artillery was brought up and arranged in a semicircle around this dense mass crowding on to the bridges, and poured their awful storm in a perfect mountain of flesh. It seemed as if nothing could prevent an utter overthrow; but Lannes, cool and resolute as his Emperor, rallied his best men in the rear, and covered the retreating and bleeding army. With Massena by his side, now steadyng their troops by his words and actions, now charging like fire on the advancing lines, he saved the army from burial in the Danube.

Lannes never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion. His impetuosity was tempered by the most serious and thoughtful actions, and he seemed to feel the importance of the awful mission with which he had been trusted. At length dismounting from his horse to escape the tempest of cannon balls which swept down everything over the soldier's heads, he was struck by a shot as he touched the ground, which carried away the whole of the right leg, and the foot and ankle of the left. Placed on a litter, he was immediately carried over the bridge into the island, where Bonaparte was superintending some batteries with which to protect his passage. Seeing a litter approach him, Napoleon turned, and lo, there lay the bleeding and dying Lannes. The fainting Marshal seized him by the hand, and in a tremulous voice exclaimed, "farewell, sire. Live for the world, but bestow a passing thought on one of your best friends, who in a few hours will be no more."

The roar of battle was forgotten, and reckless alike of his defeat and the peril of his army, of all save the dying friend by his side, Napoleon knelt over the rude couch and wept like a child. The lip that had seemed made of iron during the day, now quivered with emotion, and the eye that had never blenched in the wildest of battle, now flowed with tears. The voice of affection spoke

louder than the thunder of artillery—the marble-hearted monarch wept, and well he might. For there before him, mangled and torn, lay the friend of his youth, and the companion of his early career—he who charged by his side at Lodi and Arcola—saved his army at Monticello, and Italy at Mardino—who opened Ratisbon to his victorious army—nay, the right hand of his power—broken and fallen forever.

TRAVELS IN KASHMIR AND THE PANJAB;
Containing a particular Account of the Government and Character of the Sikhs. From the German of Baron CHARLES HUEGEL, with Notes by Major T. B. JERVIS, F.R.S. London : Petheram. 1845.

When the elevated plains and valleys of the Himalaya mountains were inhabited by the blessed race that succeeded to the deities of India, there was found in the northwestern bend of the chain a vast lake. Numerous brooks and rivers flowed into it; temples, and palaces, and fanciful habitations, erected by divine hands, ornamented its margin; here, towered a stately grove; there, a promontory, green and shady, projected its rough point into the flood, while at short intervals rustic villages of infinitely picturesque aspect glittered brightly along the strand. Every morning, as the day broke, animals of all forms and sizes, from the castle bearing bulk of the elephant down to the slender mountain goat, might be seen slaking their thirst on its shore strewn with pebbles, or waving with rustling sedges. The inhabitants led a life superior to that of mortals. They built themselves light and elegant barks, in which they sailed over the waters, traversing the shadows of the huge mountains, which morning and evening fell athwart their surface, or glancing like gigantic swans through the bright sparkling sun light, which invested its central expanses. There was among them no idea of toil as yet. Whatever they wanted the bounteous earth gave. Consequently, they knew no strife, but dwelt in perfect harmony together, fashioning blissful songs, or inventing those many coloured legends which afterwards descended in showers on the plains, and flooded the docile fancies of millions of men.

What gods were worshipped in those ages tradition itself scarcely knows. Probably Bhavani—the Author of the Egyptians—the Aphrodite of the Greeks—under some name or other received the devotions of those happy mountain-dwellers. We say probably, because as there were temples there must have been gods, and among the gods of the infant world none was so likely to be worshipped, in a region such as we have described, as the great mother of the universe.

In process of time, as children multiplied, the valleys were found too narrow the gardens and orchards too small, the fruit trees too few. The good people gazed upon the lake, and though it was very pleasant, though it looked at times like a mirror of gold or silver set there by Heaven, that it might contemplate in it the reflection of its own beauty, they began secretly to wish that its dimensions would shrink, and that instead of those dancing waves, which laughed and frolicked idly at their feet, they could behold long sweeps of orchards in blossom, or rich green meadows, with grass waving like those very billows themselves in the breeze. While these thoughts filled their minds, a stranger from the west appeared among them. He was a man indefinitely old like the mountains, or the clouds that floated over them. Time had transformed, but not subdued him. His beard, white as the Himalayan snow, waved magnificently down his breast, yet his cheeks were ruddy, and his eyes full of fire. He seemed to speak all languages. With the grave elders he dwelt in prudent counsel, but with children he frolicked like a child. By day he passed from village to village, having in his hand a staff, which he seemed to carry more for show than for service. At night he retreated into the woods, or wandered to the tops of the mountains, where he ate snow, and made himself a covering and a pillow of it till morning.

One night, all the inhabitants round the lake being in their beds, a sound was heard such as man never heard before. It filled the whole region, it rose above the crests of the mountains, it descended into the depths of the lake, a quivering motion passed through the ground, the floors of the habitations heaved and trembled, loud voices above seemed to hold converse with louder voices beneath. Then came one indescribable burst, one loud long roar passing from east to west, deafening, almost maddening, those who listened to it. All the people fell on their faces, where, in agitation and terror, they remained till morning. Then by degrees, as the grey light showed itself at every window, they rose from their posture of fear, and opened their doors, and walked forth slowly and timidly, not knowing what awful sight they might witness. And what beheld they? The lake was gone, and a vast, unsightly basin of mud alone remained to mark where it had once been.* In wonder they looked towards the mountains, and there dilated to an extraordinary stature, stood the old man leaning with one hand on his staff, and with the other pointing to the stupendous rent in the mountains through which the water had escaped. He then rose into the air, assumed the form of a cloud, and while all the inhabitants of the valley gazed upwards with amazement, floated away between two peaks of the mountains, and was soon lost to sight.

The valley thus formed is Kashmir, and the broad bold stream, which still pursues the track of the old man towards India, is the Jyulum. As might naturally be expected, various traditions prevail respecting the event, shadowed forth by the above legend. Bernier, when, in company with Aurungzéb and Dagekhmend Khan, he visited the valley, was told that its great benefactor was a Pir, or holy man, named Kasheb. By the time of George Forster, tradition had changed its mind upon the subject, and attributed the marvellous event to King Solomon,† pointing, by way of proof, to the Takht-i-Suliman, or throne of Suliman Ben Daoud, which, in the form of a flat topped hill, still towers over the capital of Kashmir. Other travellers have obtained other versions of the great primitive myth, which forms as it were a part of the religion of the Himalaya's western extremity. With us a lady's shawl is the only memento of that antediluvian catastrophe, or a few pages in a book of travels, or a semi oriental snatch of verse, in the works of an effeminate poet. At no very distant day, perhaps, the course of political events in the East may lead us to take a livelier and deeper interest in what concerns that beautiful valley.

* Similar tradition prevails in various parts of Asia, and in Aderbijan we find it reproduced in connection with King Solomon. "A tradition exists that this part of the country was formerly a lake, and that Solomon commanded two deevées or genii, named Ard and Beel, to turn off the water into the Caspian, which they effected by cutting a passage through the mountain; and a city, erected in the newly formed plain, was named after them Ard-u-beel."—*Sketches on the shores of the Caspian*, by W. R. Holmes, p. 42.

† The two versions may, however, be reconciled by having recourse to another version of the legend which speaks of Kasheb, as a deodeeve or genius in the service of Suliman Ben Daoud.

When Aurungzéb performed the journey of pleasure to which Bernier has given celebrity, there were poets in the valley, who, in conjunction with the Mogul bards from Agra and Delhi, chanted, in extravagant verse, the advent of the emperor. They nicely divided their praises, halping a part on their imperial visitor, and the other part on their country. It had already long ago received from the Persians the epithet of the unrivalled land, and an European in the suite of Aurungzéb expressed his surprise, that the Mohammedans had not thought of locating there the ancient tradition of paradise. In his pages it is invested with a beauty which falls little short, perhaps, of that of Eden. His imagination may have deceived itself. Ascending from the burning plains of Hindustan, and passing with almost miraculous suddenness from fiery gusts and dust clouds, and fields cracked, parched, almost calcined by the glowing sun, into a deliciously cool atmosphere, breathing over the most lovely vegetation, and investing with a transparent mantle the grandest and most varied scenes in Asia, it could scarcely resist the impulse of enthusiasm. But the fancies of men are as various as their features. Bernier's eloquent description suggesting, perhaps, to some exaggerated ideas of beauty and sublimity, led almost necessarily to disappointment. Succeeding travellers, beholding Kashmir under less favourable auspices, and possessing also a less intense sympathy with what is vast and charming in nature, have experienced less pleasure than he obviously felt. From the impulse of rivalry, also, they have been rather disposed to be critical than to indulge their admiration, to sober down the colours of his picture, than to present us with a repetition of it. Still, when every drawback has been made, when we have sacrificed to coldness, to literary inferiority, and to envy, enough will yet remain in the Indian Paradise to fascinate the imagination of all who delight in the vast and varied show of nature.

Baron Hugel was not a person to relish the beauties of Kashmir. He was suffering under the severest affliction of the heart. He had lost what, to a man of kindly feelings, nothing can replace, and only betook himself to travelling in the hope of allaying, by the excitement of change and danger, the irrepressible pangs of grief.

Baron Hugel, though obviously a proficient in such philosophy as is prevalent in Germany, can never detach his sympathies from himself, to link them, even temporarily, with the millions through whom he passed. He regards them as so many modifications of annoyance, so many springs of bitterness to the hapless traveller. In his mind, therefore, as in that of the Romans, stranger and enemy are synonymous. He beheld in the dusky Asiatics, only so many creatures of prey, fabricated and disposed by nature to pounce upon German barons, and ease them of their property. The idea of rank, again, exerted itself in him, only to inflame his self-love, to twist and tangle his idiosyncrasies. Everything estimable resides in his view among the great; nobility is a sort of fifth essence; a sacred something, stolen from nature's reserved cabinet, to be imparted only to grandees of the empire. It is easy to foresee how poor simple men and women, dressed in plain cotton, eating rice, drinking little or no wine, and professing obedience to a foreign race, must appear insignificant in such a personage's eyes. And yet Hugel is a good-natured individual upon the whole. He would have taken more correct views of humanity, had he, in Lord Ellenborough's phrase, been "an innocent traveller," emancipated from the shackles of nobility, and having the burthen of no title to bear on his shoulders about the world. But even in spite of these hindrances he often shows to much advantage.

Kashmir has not yet been visited by any one capable of making the most of the subject. Bernier's philosophy cramped his genius. The believer in atoms and a vacuum could hold no profitable colloquy with nature as she appears in those dizzy and glittering solitudes. His fancy, after glancing upwards for a moment at the cold pinnacles of the Himalaya, projecting so far aloft that the very heavens, according to the imaginations of the Hindu poets, have been fashioned into a dome on purpose to make room for them—returned shuddering to take shelter in the sunny, smiling valley which nestles so snugly at their bases. If he could not sympathise, however, with the sublimer portions of the picture, for what was purely terrestrial, for what was cheerful, warm, and full of vitality, he had the keenest possible relish. Accordingly, his description of what may strictly be termed the valley is beyond measure charming. It does not read like a production of the seventeenth century, but presents itself to our fancy with all the graces of a modern composition about it.

Now Baron Hugel travelled like a prince, with a thundering big tent, another lesser one to set it off, and a most ostentatious retinue. Seeing this, the natives naturally expected that his disbursements would be lavish in proportion, and that they would profit considerably by his passage through their country. It is to be feared they were somewhat disappointed, some of them certainly were; and also that many among them may have mistaken Baron Hugel for an Englishman. It is to be hoped that the poor Thanadar, who figures in the following little scene, was not one of these.

"The Thanadar made his appearance this morning, and demanded my Perwana or permission to travel, which I had received from the Maha Rajah. I found that the man was only doing his duty, and therefore referred him to my Munshi, that the Perwana might be produced. It was in the possession of the Chodbar's servant, and he was still snugly lodged in a house, whence, however he was quickly summoned. When he did come forth, I ordered him to take care in future that he produced the Maha Rajah's permit wherever it was necessary, that I might not be importuned by such inquiries; and the man assured me that he had done so the previous day. The Thanadar then came in for his share, and he was asked what he meant by such impertinence. He could only answer that he was entitled to ask a certain sum from every one who went through this mountain pass, and that he hoped I would not refuse to give the accustomed toll. I desired him to be told that he had chosen a wrong method of asking for a present, and that he might turn his back on my tent as soon as possible."

Another instance of hardfistedness deserves to be commemorated. Of course the baron might have suppressed it if he pleased, as probably he has suppressed a hundred similar, but not foreseeing the inferences that might be drawn from it in his favour, he relates the whole affair with the most bewitching naïveté. We have seen travellers remaining all night in a most comfortable and dreary situation, rather than stimulate the industry of their attendants with a single piastre. We have known them to endure sharp hunger, rather than pay half a farthing more for a pile of cakes than the current market value; but we do not recollect to have witnessed anything so cool as Baron Hugel's style of economy. We think we see before us now the blank looks of the unlucky natives at the conclusion of the transaction, which Baron Hugel is about to describe for us. What they thought of the Burra Sahib may be easily imagined by those who are acquainted with the Hindus. Doubtless, on their return home, their admiration of his munificence blossomed into poetry, so that in all likelihood, half a dozen little songs, in praise of Baron Hugel *savoir faire*, are

charted along the foot of the Himalaya. But let us hear the baron's characteristic little narrative.

" Among the firs on the north side of the mountain I espied a Daphne, at least so I judged from the bud, and a little further on a Vaccinium, much resembling our own; and still onwards on the other side of a ravine amid some birches, a new shrub like the Rhododendron, whose branches were mostly bent earthwards by the snow. Its hardy appearance, however, convinces me that it would flourish in our cold climates. With infinite fatigue and trouble I reached a clump, but could find neither bud nor seed, and returned quite exhausted to the road. - Later in the day I perceived a second and larger group, growing on a steep place on the opposite side of the ravine, and I promised to give a couple of rupees to the man who first brought me some of the seeds. In an instant they were all rushing down the precipice, without heed or precaution, springing from rock to rock until I trembled to look after them; the steep bank was soon gained. My glass showed me they were breaking off all the branches at hazard, but they were gone too far for my voice to reach them, and I could only hope that by good luck they might bring me one slip, at least, on which fruit might be found. On their return a small wood was laid before me, but not what I wished, and I retained the rupees, thinking we might be more fortunate presently."

From these little incidents it may be inferred that Baron Hügel clung with a pretty tight grasp to the good things of this world: he wished the natives to understand that he knew the value of four shillings, and that he had no intention of setting up for the rival of Hatim Tai. No wandering derewish blessed him as he went. The interior of no cottage was illuminated by the glitter of his rupees. Not a Hindu from the mouth of the Hoogly to the sources of the Jhyum ever dined or supped the better for Baron Hügel's voluntary charity. Sometimes a piece of money was extorted from him by dint of overwhelming importunity, as by the fakir who planted himself before the door of his tent, and vowed he would never desist night or day, from his yell and screams, till the Satanic Teuton should give him something. That old fellow knew the way to the baron's heart, or rather to his purse, for to purchase quiet slumbers he consented to relinquish some small portion of his beloved property. When rougher methods would do he had recourse to them. Placed beyond the fear of retaliation by the despotic Pervana of Ranjit Singh, he treated the natives as insolent travellers do the fellahs in Egypt, and when they presented themselves before him to supplicate for charity in the name of God, he directed his servants to drive them away with blows. What religion Baron Hügel professes is more than we can undertake to say—of course it is not the Christian;—but whatever it be, he stands in unfavourable contrast with the Epicurean Bernier.

Much greater severity of language would be justified; but it is better, perhaps, to verge towards the extreme of leniency than towards its opposite. The baron, however, exhibited during his Indian travels one other propensity, upon which we cannot refrain from offering a remark or two. He systematically pursued the plan of shocking the prejudices of the natives by bringing out into the most striking relief his differences from them, by displaying his contempt for their ceremonies, which he would occasionally abstain even from witnessing; by slaughtering their sacred animals, and disturbing the roots even of their most harmless beliefs. We are far from desiring to inculcate the notion that superstition is to be treated with the deference due to religion; but where we can we should always distinguish between erroneous fancies, which in their tendencies are hurtful to mankind, and such as obviously promote their happiness. A traveller has no time to make converts. He cannot change the whole frame work of a fellow creature's thoughts, re-adjust the balance of his understanding, and lift him above the mists of error. He should be satisfied, therefore, with affording him the benefit of his own better example, and suffer him to draw, if so disposed, his conclusions from that. Baron Hügel thinks differently, as the reader will perceive from the following incident:—

" About one-third of the way we came to the abode of a fakir, near several little stone buildings, and a spring called Deendrah, round which a considerable party of the dwellers of the mountains were spending their hours of rest from work. Many were carrying to Jamu large bundles of rose coloured wood of Deobasa, which is found about this spot; but I could not find any of the trees, though I went out of my way, with one of the collectors, in search of one. Overcome by the heat, my people lay down by the spring, from which the fakir brought them all water, while multitudes of monkeys were leaping from tree to tree, and flocks of parrots filled the air with their clatter. Gigantic trees, round which climbed many a parasite, rose in the little plain near the spring. When the fakir had administered to the wants of all my servants, I beckoned to him, and he quickly drew near with a vessel filled with water. I then perceived that he was a very aged man—' How old are you? ' said I. ' Ninety-two, ' replied he. ' And how long have you lived at this spring? ' ' Since I grew to manhood.' ' And why do you remain here? ' ' Why! ' repeated he; ' see you not that I refresh the weary traveller with water, and send him strengthened on his way? ' ' But he would find it without you.' ' And when the sand in this lonely spot chokes the spring, who would find the water then? —By serving the poor I serve God.' ' But these same poor feed you, otherwise you could not exist. ' He who has abundance gives to the needy, if he values his own happiness. I am the rich man here; for the water is mine; and many a great man travelling this way is bounteous to me, in order that I may live until another comes. Truly there are such good men in the world; for many are the years that I have lived without quitting this spring.'

" Poor man! Knowing only one small valley, how narrow and confined must God's beautiful creation appear to thee! To thee a tree must be a forest, a hill a division of the world, the spring thine ocean; and yet, who would not give all his knowledge, every worldly advantage, in exchange for this peaceful mind, this conscientious assurance that he commands everything that constitutes happiness."

We may now return once more to the approaches of Kashmir, which we have all this while been deterred from entering by the idiosyncrasies of Baron Hügel. When we draw near an oasis in the desert, half the charm of the little Paradise is derived from the vast ring of barrenness, in which, like a gem it is set. The rocks and the sands, bathed in burning light, impart a tenfold value to the cool umbrageous verdure that springs up in the midst of them to soothe the eye and give serenity to the mind. The wilderness seems to wave a flaming sword round its little Eden, but turns away its point from the breast of perseverance. Nearly so is it with Kashmir; we descend into it on all sides from a prodigious wall of precipices soaring here and there into peaks of immeasurable height. Let us place ourselves once at the foot of the Pir Panjal, and climb as speedily as possible the barrier that separates the southern wanderer from the valley.

" The ascent is dreadfully steep. With a volume of Bernier in my hand, I gazed around, and recalled in imagination the time when the gorgeous suite of

the Emperor of Delhi clambered up the perilous and difficult paths. In many parts the soil is so loose and crumbling as to afford no safe footing; and large masses falling from above block up the usual road, and force the traveller to find out a new one as he best can. It seems to me impossible that elephants could ever tread such a pass, not so much on account of their unwieldy size, for they climb steep places with incredible facility, but that their weight is so enormous; and I find in Bernier an account of a number of elephants which were precipitated into the depths below, as they proceeded with the Zenana on their backs. A small tower is built on the highest points, where a party of the Maha Rajah's troops are stationed throughout the year; and hard by is the grave of a Mohammedan fakir, named Pir Panjal, from whom the mountain takes its name. There is a fine prospect in the direction of the Panjab, and the eye, stretching over unnumbered ranges of hills, loses all further view in the dimmer and warmer atmosphere of the south. A little further on, we passed into a gorge of the mountain. On the north or right side was a vast wall of snow above us; the south was a naked rock. In vain I essayed to catch one glimpse of the long looked for valley, the limits of my wanderings in Asia in this direction. Towards the east stretched a barren plain, through which flows the Damdam, a river now partly frozen; and in many spots were deep holes, evidently dug by bears. I saw none of these animals but their traces were very perceptible. One creature we saw climbing up the naked rock, which I imagine must have been a leopard; it was nearly white, with a long tail, and of large size. Finally, after another hour of toilsome way, my anxious eye descried the huge mountain masses of Tibet, beyond the valley of Kashmir, their highest peaks, Mer and Ser, being plainly visible. I saw them but for an instant; a turn of the road again hid them from my view; but never rose any more proudly than they, with their two pyramids, the one black, the other white, close to one another, and apparently of the same altitude..... The road next took us through a deep ravine; and then just as I expected to get a last glimpse of the valley, came another hill, and another. We skirted for some time a wall of rock, which was built as a safeguard by order of Shah Jehan. The superstitious inhabitants of these parts have a tale concerning Ali Mardon Khan, the builder of this wall and of all the serais between Lahor and Kashmir. According to this fable, as the architect marshalled his workmen along the road, he came suddenly to a tower, which they one and all refused to pass, because a man-eater, called Lal Gulum, dwelt there, who was accustomed from the tower to seize upon the passengers, as they stole one by one along the narrow path, and hurled them down the precipice, when he devoured them at his leisure. The brave Ali Mardon Khan went into the tower first, but Lal Gulum had just quitted it. He found his son there, however, whom he instantly hurled down the precipice. Since that time nothing more has been heard of Lal Gulum, and the remembrance of the murders he committed is gradually dying away; but the tower still bears his name, and was certainly a fit place for the dwelling of a robber. That the Pir Panjal has ever been dangerous enough, without the needless addition of cannibals, is shown by the countless skeletons of horses and oxen, and the whitened human bones, which remain melancholy evidences of the fate which has overtaken many a wanderer in these terrific passes."

In the foregoing extract, Baron Hügel alludes to a terrible catastrophe, which occurred during one of Aurungzebe's visits to Kashmir; the ladies of the imperial court were mounted in mukdembars, or close litters, on the backs of elephants, which climbed in an extended file the steep acclivity of the Pir Panjal, over a road bordered by precipices. The foremost elephant taking fright—at the terrific ascent before him, according to the Hindoo—receded backwards, and struck against the next following in succession; this again, thus driven rearwards, fell against a third, and this third again upon a fourth, until the whole line, consisting of fifteen, capsized with their fair burdens, rolled over the precipice, and were precipitated to the depths of the valley. It is easy to conceive what confusion this incident occasioned in the imperial army. Nevertheless, only three or four of the ladies were killed; but the elephants which, when they fall even on a common high road, seldom rise again all perished, though slowly, for Bernier, who passed two days afterwards, saw several of them still moving their trunks.

It is now time we should descend into the valley, which, with wonderful judgment, our German traveller thought proper to explore in winter. Baron Hügel delineates, but does not vivify. Winter's cold hand guided his pen when he wrote, and reigned in his sympathies, when he attempted to feel.

" Having with great difficulty," he says, " clambered up the mountain pompously styled the Throne of Solomon, the first object which presented itself was an ancient Buddhist temple (Deval), composed of masses of rock, with a curious doorway, evidently of very high antiquity. The temple was, in later times, converted into a mosque; a Persian inscription of more modern date, gives no information as to the original temple, but to Solomon is ascribed the honour of being the founder. It is said, moreover, that a very ancient Sanscrit inscription is now buried under ground. At present the Hindus call the temple Shankar Acharya. The massive construction and peculiar form of this edifice render it well worthy of a visit. The mountain, divided from the Thibetan chain, to which it evidently belongs, is 1200 feet high; the view from it over the whole valley of Kashmir is, indeed, most truly grand and beautiful. Motionless as a mirror, the lake lies outstretched below, reflecting the vast chain of the Thibetan hills; while the extensive city is seen spreading along its shores, and the Jelam winds slowly like a serpent through the green valleys, and, to complete the scene, the lofty Pir Panjal, with its countless peaks of snow, forms on one side a majestic boundary."

Kashmir is an oval valley, about ninety miles in length, and varying considerably in breadth. As you descend towards it from the snowy mountains of Tibet, you traverse first a rugged chain, bristling with pine forests, and intersected by ravines of tremendous depth. Many small rivers dash down the rocks in semi-arcs of white foam, startling the solitudes with their incessant roar. Descending still further, we arrive at the lowest stage, as it were, of the mountains, where they put on round and gentle forms, and are clothed with groves of lovely green, divided from each other by sweeps of pasture. Here the empire of life and civilisation commences. Doves of horses and cattle, flocks of sheep and goats are beheld everywhere browsing on the sweet grass, while the thickets abound with game, such as partridges, hares, gazelles, and a delicate species of musk deer. The abundance of wild flowers, which in spring render the air almost heavy with their fragrance, are fed on by countless swarms of bees, whose honey augments the resources of the inhabitants. At the same time, these woods and bosquet shades harbour no noxious animals. The serpents, swarming everywhere else in India, are almost unknown here, as are also the bear, the tiger, the lions; so that it may, like Palestine, be said to be a land flowing with milk and honey.

The pastoral beauties of these hills are enhanced by contrast with the mountains overhead, covered with everlasting snows, and soaring far above the re-

gions of storms and clouds, where they present themselves to the eye serene and luminous, like the fabulous Olympus of the poets.

From among the roots of the mountains on all sides issue a number of springs and rivulets, which the inhabitants conduct into their level rice fields, and sometimes convey to the tops of the smaller hills, by means of a high causeway of earth. In their descent from those heights, the superfluous waters sometimes precipitate themselves in cascades, contrasting beautifully with the rich verdure between which they tumble down. The streams and brooks thus produced, flowing to the trough of the valley, unite there, and form a large river which, after many turnings and windings occasioned by the conformation of the ground, issues forth from Kashmir, between two steep rocks at Baramula.

This abundance of streams renders the plains and hills so green and fertile, that the whole kingdom looks like one vast garden, beautified with luxuriant trees, and dotted thickly with towns and villages, which present themselves through openings in the woods. In one direction you behold a long sweep of rice fields of the brightest green; in another, the eye rests upon broad meadows, or fields of corn or saffron, or various kinds of vegetables. No spot refuses to respond to the labours of the husbandman. The whole prospect reminds the traveller, by its fertility, of the Delta of the Nile, where hundreds of shining canals diffuse inexhaustible plenty on all sides. Here nature, however, if less prolific, is more beautiful. Fancy can imagine nothing softer than the forms whick she puts on, when in the morning the white mists that have been brooding all night upon the fields and waters, rise slowly from their beds to meet the glowing rays of Suray, and becoming impregnated with rosy light, float away to conceal themselves amid the inaccessible snowy valleys of Tibet. A nobler panorama can nowhere be beheld on the surface of the globe; and when, weary of contemplating its grandeur, we descend to minuter and more familiar objects, our imagination is no less gratified. In the midst of rills, and winding canals, and small lakes, we observe tasteful gardens and orchards of apple and pear, and plum, and apricot, and walnut trees, now covered with blossoms, and now with fruit. Here and there on the sunny uplands, are fruitful vineyards. In the private gardens all the vegetables of Europe, together with some peculiar to the East, are cultivated, among which we may notice the melon and the water-melon, which are raised in the greatest perfection. Owing to a deficiency of horticultural knowledge, many species of the fruit continue to be less exquisite than they might be rendered, though the mere influence of the sun and air, unassisted by art, sometimes ripens peaches and apricots, inferior to none in the world in flavour. Under the direction of English gardeners, Kashmir might be converted into a real Paradise, and made to furnish India with an inexhaustible supply of all the delicious fruits of the temperate zone.

There is one question connected with Kashmir, upon which it may be expected that we should not be altogether silent: we mean that of the climate. The discussion of it, however, is attended by some difficulties, as not one of the travellers who have visited the country can be regarded as competent authority, none of them having resided in it long enough to have himself witnessed all the various phenomena which nature presents infinitely diversified in a series of years. Almost as a necessary consequence we have very contradictory accounts; some affirming the air to be salubrious, while others consider it remarkably unhealthy; some maintaining that there exists an almost perpetual calm, while others, speaking from their personal knowledge, describe the atmosphere of the valley as subject to the purifying visits of tremendous hurricanes. On the subject of salubrity or insalubrity, travellers are apt to arrive at their conclusions hastily. If they themselves suffer inconvenience either from heat or cold, if their spirits are depressed, if unseasonable exposure produces fever or agues, why, then, they give the country a bad name, and cause it to pass for unhealthy. Baron Hugel proceeds very reasonably in regard to this matter, though he fails, naturally enough, in a some mistakes. He saw no storms, and therefore, he says, none ever take place; but when he comes to give his testimony on the comparative salubrity of the air, his decision is favourable.

Excessive heat is seldom experienced in Kashmir. The inhabitants regarded it as something out of the course of nature, and offered up public prayers to Heaven for deliverance from it. But a high temperature by no means necessarily supposes unhealthiness. For while Bander-a-Bassi is one of the hottest and most unhealthy places, in the world, Peshawur, which experiences an equal degree of calor, ranks among the healthiest. One single fact, however, admitted by all travellers, completely, in our opinion, upsets the notion of Moorcroft and others, that the air of Kashmir is insalubrious. It is said that the women of the country have very large families, and rear them, which is nowhere, we believe, the case, where the climate is bad. One of the most unequivocal signs of an ungenial atmosphere is its unfavourable effect on the germs of animal life; for where these quicken and come to maturity, there can exist nothing hostile to the vital principle. We shall here borrow from Mr. Thornton a passage bearing on the point we have been discussing.

In consequence of the great elevation of Kashmir, the cold in winter is considerable, being on an average, much more severe than in any parts of the British isles, and this in a latitude lower than that of Sicily. Snow usually begins to fall early in December. Night frosts set in as early as the middle of November, and by the end of that month the trees are strip of their leaves, and all animal vegetation is cut off. A thick haze overspreads the whole valley, and the lakes and rivers send up clouds of vapour. Every movement of men or beasts raises great quantities of dust, and the haze becomes so great that, even at mid-day, and under a cloudless sky, no object can be seen at a mile's distance. This murky state of the air extends for about 200 feet above the level of the valley, and those who ascend above that height, see the snowy mountains of dazzling whiteness, and the sun shining clearly in a cloudless sky, whilst the low country lies hidden in dim obscurity. The first fall of snow restores the clearness of the air. Though snow lies to the average depth of two feet from the early part of December to the middle of April, the cold in general is a few degrees only below the freezing point. The Jalam is seldom completely frozen over, though ice invariably covers the surface of the lakes to a considerable distance from the banks. The snow begins to disappear in March. The end of March and beginning of April are distinguished by the popular term of dirty spring or mud season, and these appellations in regard to the mire of the surface, and the rapid succession of gusts of wind and hail, with short gleams of sunshine are well deserved. Up to the beginning of June much rain falls, though Kashmir is beyond the influence of the periodical monsoon, which so extensively deluges parts of Asia."

Every country, however, has its drawbacks. In Kashmir the principal pest may be said to be the inhabitants, who contrive by their filth to spoil one of the loveliest regions upon earth. Cities everywhere in the East are deformed by mounds of rubbish, and filled, more or less, with pestilential effluvia. In Cairo, a man can scarcely walk through the Jews' quarter without requiring an ounce

of civet to sweeten his imagination, for, as he proceeds from street to street, stench in every variety assails his nostrils; and, if he be a stranger, most probably enriches his mind with some new ideas of what is noisome and abominable. The Neapolitans sometimes swear, by all the smoke that circulates through the streets of Constantinople; but would find a more potent oath, if they swore by all the stink. Even their own beautiful city does not always smell like essence of roses. Ispahan and Bagdad, El Basrah, Damascus, and Tabreez, encircle their inhabitants with fetid odours, which may partly explain their partiality for pungent perfumes and tobacco smoke. We need not, therefore, be greatly surprised at finding the capital of Kashmir somewhat less fragrant than its meadows. Probably the Orientals have not olfactory nerves, or such as are affected only by pleasant smells. At any rate, the dwellers in the city of Kashmir appear to encounter their share of unsavoury scents, and that, too, voluntarily; otherwise nothing would be easier than to effect their own deliverance.

In Bernier's time, this picturesque and striking little capital was the abode of greater wealth and comfort than it is at present, and consequently little more attention was paid to cleanliness. But a Frenchman's nose is not so easily offended as an Englishman's. Paris is a tolerably good introduction to the East, so that any one who has accustomed himself to sniff the matinal odours of the *Cite* and the Quartier St. Antoine, will stroll in greater comfort along the Kalish at Cairo, or through the Armenian suburb at Julta, in Ispahan. As Bernier, however, was an Epicurean, he may be supposed to have cultivated his nose, so that we lay some stress on his testimony in this particular. Still, it is rather negative. He does not say that the city of Kashmir was fragrant, but he omits to dwell so vehemently on its stench, as later travellers have done. All, however, agree that it is a pretty place, prettily situated. But they find the houses to be built of wood, and adduce different reasons to account for this phenomenon. One observes that wood is cheap, and assigns that as the cause; another has recourse to the laziness of the people; while a third discovers an explanation of the whole in the violent earthquakes to which, like Lima, the city is liable. Thus, in 1828, twelve hundred houses were overthrown, and upwards of a thousand people destroyed. Nevertheless, in various parts of Kashmir, we find numbers of stone temples, which have probably resisted the earthquakes of a thousand years, together with the neglect of centuries, and are still tolerably entire.

"The city," says Forster, "which in the ancient annals of India was known by the name of Siringnaghur, but now by that of the province at large, extends about three miles on each side of the river Jalam, over which are four or five wooden bridges, and occupies in some parts of its breadth, which is irregular, about two miles. The houses, many of them two and three stories high, are slightly built of brick and mortar, with a large intermixture of timber. On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the buildings from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautiful chequered parterre. The streets are narrow, and choked with the filth of the inhabitants, who are proverbially unclean. No buildings are seen in this city worthy of remark; though the Kashmirians boast much of a wooden mosque called the Jummah Musjid, erected by one of the emperors of Hindostan; but its claim to distinction is very moderate." —[Remainder next week].

A REAL ENGLISH TAILOR.

About forty years ago, a young artisan, named Stulz, a native of a small town of Lehr, near Ortenberg, left his own country to "seek his fortune" in England. Stulz was highly-gifted young man: he united to the patience and sagacity of the Germans a certain acute shrewdness which is very seldom to be met with in that country. The sharp or shrewd German is like the phlegmatic Southern: he has very good chances of success in whatever he undertakes. Fortune thus must needs smile on the young Stulz, who selected an occupation for which his fellow-countrymen have many qualifications: he became a tailor, first studying his craft under the best masters of the art, and afterwards taking to a small business, which succeeded very fairly. Stulz in a short time found himself in affluence; but that was not enough for him: mere mediocrity did not suit his ambitious aspirations: he indulged in visions of glory and opulence: he wished to become the first tailor in London!

The customers of Stulz consisted of small tradesmen, merchants' assistants, and lawyers' clerks; but, whilst he did every justice to these plain and simple jobs, (which paid him well enough,) he felt that he was created to clothe persons of a much higher rank. His very scissors trembled between his fingers when he thought of those brilliant equestrians who paraded the newest fashions in Hyde-park and in Regent-street. "There," he mused, is a business which renders a tailor both wealthy and illustrious!" Stulz had quite enough talent and genius to distinguish himself in those elevated spheres, but how was he to attain the wished-for eminence? There was the rub! What was he to do to gain those elegant and magnificent customers?

At that period the famous "Beau" Brummel was the king of fashions, (as Mr. Hudson is now the king of railroads,) the master and the model of the youthful aristocracy of London. Brummel's tailor equipped everybody who piqued himself upon possessing any claim to the title of "an elegant man." Stulz deeply coveted the situation of this fortunate tailor, whose name, we believe, was Thomas Gilson. To dispossess Gilson of his proud position and to seat himself on the vacant throne—board—such was the lofty goal towards which he directed all the efforts of his patience, his sagacity, and his ingenious shrewdness.

Brummel had become his hero, the object of his attentive and indefatigable worship. He waylaid him every day on his route to the grand mall, and each succeeding evening found him seated on the benches of the Opera-house, in the attitude of deep study and earnest contemplation. His natural penetration, the correctness of his glance, and the unerring sureness of his recollection were a wonderful assistance to him in this important task. Had he been a painter or a sculptor, he would have been able to construct, from memory, a portrait or a statue of the great man; as it was, he was a tailor, and he made him a coat,—a charming piece of work, for the completion of which he exhausted all the resources of his ingenuity and all the graces of his imagination.

As soon as this *chef-d'œuvre* was finished, Stulz repaired one morning to Brummel's house, and, after having cooled his heels in the ante-chamber for three hours only, he at length obtained the honour of presenting himself, coat in hand, to the great man himself.

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed Brummel, "That is a charming new coat! You are, I presume, one of that rascal Gibson's apprentices?"

"No, my lord," replied Stulz, who hoped by this flattering title to win the favour of Brummel.

"I beg your pardon," rejoined the king of fashion, smiling, "you are, without doubt, the partner of that worthy fellow, Gilson?"

"Neither, my lord. I am a tailor, as yet but little known, who expects to derive his fame from you, and who comes to present for your acceptance a sample of his talent."

"Very sorry, my friend, but I can do nothing for you. What would Gilson say if he found out that I had worn a coat not made by himself? It would cause a complete rupture between us!"

"Observe, my lord, that this coat becomes you admirably."

"True, true, and it is the more astonishing as you never took my measure."

"I took your lordship's measure from the statue of Antinous."

"Oh! oh! a little flattery, eh? I am not displeased at the compliment; I willingly accept the merited tribute, and return it in kind. Your coat is exquisite: such originality in the cut, and such grace in the details! But, no matter, I cannot wear it, on Gilson's account."

"Gilson could not make one like it. He is growing old and falling into mere routine: but I, my lord, am young. I feel inspired with the sacred fire; and, with a hero like you, I shall be enabled to introduce the most extensive innovations."

"Very likely, but common honesty forbids me to break with Gilson. Consider that he has clothed me, gratis, for the last ten years!"

"He finds it answer his purpose, and the merit is, therefore, not very great."

"He never fails, however, to extol it every time that he is favoured with an audience."

"The impudent scoundrel! When he is still your debtor all the while! As to me, I should conduct my business with much more conscientiousness. Pray, my lord, do me the favour to keep my coat. I will return to-morrow to receive your definitive answer."

Everybody knows that Brummel has been celebrated for excessive delicacy. Destitute altogether of independent fortune, he profited by his position in society. His extravagant way of living cost him nothing whatever; his tradesmen and purveyors were too glad to supply him with his luxuries gratis, in order to be rendered fashionable by means of his patronage. Stulz was not ignorant of this circumstance, so favourable to his plans; and, by a very simple calculation, the clever German tailor had come to the conclusion that he might possibly triumph over Gilson by displaying greater generosity than he; and, accordingly, in one of the pockets of the new coat which he had left with Brummel, Master Stulz had deposited a bank-note of £100 sterling.

The next day he boldly returned to the palace of the king of fashion. Brummel gave him a most gracious reception, and introduced the subject with perfect *a plomb*, or, rather, with the most barefaced impudence. "I have examined your coat," he said, "and find it unrivalled: the trimming, especially, appears to me very appropriate."

"Delighted to have your approbation, my lord."

"As you said yesterday, Gilson is getting decidedly old: he has no new ideas. He could never have imagined, for a moment, this new trimming. But tell me, Stulz, are you in the habit of thus trimming all the coats that you make?"

"Not all: only those that I shall have the honour of making for yourself, my lord."

"Indeed! Are you aware that I wear out a great many coats?"

"I will supply you every month with one which shall be trimmed like this. As to the other clothes you may require, I shall leave them to your own discretion, and charge the same price for them as my predecessor."

"Very good, I accept your offers on the spot. Henceforth you are my tailor, and I promise you the patronage of all my subjects."

In fine, John Gilson was dethroned, and Stulz established himself at the west end in a most splendid style. All the nobility and gentry flocked to his shop; he had the finest and most valuable custom of London; his fortune increased rapidly, and he never failed to supply Brummel every month with one of his magic coats, trimmed with a £100 bank-note, as before. This constituted an annual outlay of 30,000 francs, (£1,200,) exclusive of the clothes, &c., supplied gratis, which amounted to, at least, an equal sum.

This was not the only ingenious device which marked the career of Stulz. The royalty of fashion is, like other dynasties, subject to revolutions; and, at length, Brummel, having ruined himself by his extravagance, found himself compelled to abdicate his throne at the west end of London, and to leave England altogether, in order to escape from the clutches of his creditors. Stulz, with all diplomatic art of a statesman, managed to bend to circumstances, and contrived to preserve during the new reign the favour which he had enjoyed under the fallen dynasty. The prince who had succeeded Brummel was a young nobleman belonging to one of the first families of England. He would not, of course, tolerate for an instant the deposit of bank-notes in his coat pockets; and on no consideration whatever would he have imposed conditions on his tailor, or deigned to accept from him the privilege of not paying his bill.

It is true, however, that the bills never were paid, which amounted precisely to the same thing.

Unluckily, the example set by the king of fashion was followed by numerous imitators, and Stulz found himself the creditor of many youthful scions of the aristocracy for very considerable sums of money, the more or less probable recovery of which was adjourned to remote periods which utterly vanished in the darkness of a doubtful future. The abuse became threatening, and it was absolutely necessary to put a stop to it. To effect this "consummation so devoutly to be wished" Stulz, never at a loss, devised an expedient which his fertile imagination speedily furnished him.

One morning the following paragraph appeared in one of the best accredited newspapers of the metropolis:—

"Immediately previous to the departure for Bath of Lord C——, (the name of the king of fashion was written in all letters,) he commanded a variety of clothes of the newest fashion, and, at the same time, ordered the payment of his tailor's bill. It is now quite the fashion amongst our *elegans* to settle their accounts before leaving town for the watering place."

According to the customs of English society, this article possessed no peculiarity whatever; the English press publishes every day many still more insignificant; but it excited the surprise of Lord C—— in the greatest degree, and he instantly sent for Stulz.

"What is the meaning of this paragraph?" demanded the "lion" of his tailor, at the same time handing him the paper.

"It merely means that I am paid," replied Stulz, with his admirable German *sang froid*.

"Paid! could my steward have possibly dared to pay your bill without my authorization?"

"No, my Lord your steward is incapable of betraying to so infamous an extent the confidence you repose in him."

"Explain to me, then, this incomprehensible enigma."

"I hardly know what to reply, my lord; but as a newspaper is infallible, this paragraph is as good as a receipt for your bill."

"What is that, sir? I am very willing to remain your debtor the whole of my life; but, to take a receipt without having paid the money! Do you really imagine that I am a Brummel?"

"God forbid, my lord! it was never my intention to wound your delicacy; it is merely an innocent device that cannot possibly injure you, but will be very profitable to me. I remain your creditor still, that is agreed; but all the world will believe that you have paid me. What is that to you? This trait of originality will not injure you, whilst all our young dashing fellows will hasten, according to custom, to follow your example; in short, they will pay their bills, and that was precisely my object when I took the liberty of using your magical name, in order to found on it an appeal to their purses."

The successor of Beau Brummel was a real prince, and he forgave Stulz immediately. The stratagem succeeded to his admiration, all Stulz's customers cashed up, and from that moment it was always a rule (a golden one, by-the-by) to pay the tailor's bill before leaving London for Bath.

After having realized a colossal fortune of 12,000,000 francs, Stulz retired from trade, and gave up his establishment to a nephew who bears his name. He then became desirous of visiting the place of his birth, and returned, seven or eight years ago, to the little town of Lahr. The Grand Duke of Baden, who was anxious to retain this immense fortune in the country, proposed to Stulz that he should purchase the domain of Ortenburg, which happened at the time to be offered for sale, rebuild the chateau, and assume the name of the manor with the title of baron.

The tailor would have found himself in the foremost rank of the nobility of the province. His vanity urged him to accept this offer; his prudence counselled him to have nothing to do with it; and, whilst he was hesitating, the domain of Ortenburg was bought by a Russian, M. de Berkhotz, who has since magnificently rebuilt the chateau and restored it to its primitive appearance at the time of the crusades, when it belonged to one of the potentates of the country. Tailor Stulz, more modest, contented himself with founding an hospital, and died a short time after the accomplishment of that pious work. The inhabitants of the district have since erected a monument to his memory. The nephew of Stulz, continuing to enjoy the good fortunes of his house, has already amassed a fortune equal to that of his late uncle; and has founded, like him, an hospital for the old and destitute journeymen tailors of London. It is hoped that he will go and end his days in his native town; for there still remain, in the environs of Lahr, several feudal manors for revival and reconstruction, and Stulz the nephew, will perhaps condescend to accept the brevet of baron, which the Grand Duke of Baden not will fail to place at his disposal.

From the Siecle, Paris paper.

THE PICTURE COLLECTOR.

BY PETER PAUL PALETTE.

Having, in a former number, essayed a pen and ink portrait, or rather sketch, of the Picture Dealer,—which sketch, however bungling and unartistic in execution, possessed, we are bold to affirm, a pretty close resemblance to the personage attempted to be portrayed,—we now propose to try our hand on the Collector of pictures, and produce a *pendant*, a companion, to that sketch; believing that, as we have done our best to "show up" the knavery of the one, we are now bound to make a similar exhibition of the vanity, credulity, gullibility of the other.

The Picture Dealer we described as an ingenious, jockey-like, small-conscienced individual, whose pleasant occupation it is to dispose—for as much money as he can possibly obtain—of certain articles designated, in the dainty phraseology of the craft, as "the inimitable productions of the Old Painters;" and the Picture Collector may be said to be (in too many cases will the description hold good) the simple, innocent, unfortunate person whose *weakness* it is to buy them.

Amongst the middle classes of society one consequence, frequently, of the accumulation of wealth, in business or otherwise, is what is very significantly termed a "taste for pictures." With his horse, his phæton, and his new house, the well-to-do tradesman, or professional man, if he be ambitious to acquire among his friends the reputation of a person of elegant mind, or have been inculcated, by some peculiar circumstance, with a love for the Arts, commonly "sets up" a few "fine old paintings," "choice" productions of the pencil of Claude, Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, Corregio and others,—(all great names, be it remarked) expending some times in the purchase of the same sums of money that would have built him a substantial house, or been a handsome portion for one of his children. Look round the walls of such a collector as this! Supposing he has not had the sense to confess his ignorance, and keep at his elbow an experienced friend to aid in the selection of his pictures, but has gone unadvisedly, blindly to work, trusting to his own sagacity and *taste*, and buying every thing with a *name*, that was offered to his notice by the knaves who thrive upon such as he; what are the pictorial "gems" we see hanging in his room? the peerless pearls of which he is so vain? the prodigies of Art on which he has attempted to build up the reputation of a connoisseur and a man of elegant mind? Glaring and vile copies, not worth a groat!—worn-out daubs, rubbed and scoured to the very canvass, which, if they were entire, would be dear at a pound per wagon load!—things called *studies*, splashy and coarse, with a vast deal more *smoke* than *fire* about them, and the only merit of which consists in a certain something that may be mistaken for merit, something which, by a willing imagination may be construed into an indication of *future* excellence!—with a sprinkling of pictures—the best of the "collection"—by scholars or imitators of the *Masters* of painting, men of mediocre and mere workshop talents, who never could achieve original excellence, but copied the style and painted in the manner of others; and some of these imitative efforts, perhaps, so vilely be-painted over by the "restorer," that scarcely a square inch of the original remains! These are the wretched things which constitute the "choice, invaluable collection," and many another similarly formed; things which libel the fair fame of Rubens, Vandyke, Da Vinci, Titian, Claude; and which, if these men of genius could rise from their graves to behold, would make the very hair of their heads stand erect with horror. "Pray, sir," said a friend, to this sage collector of a twelvemonth's experience, "what is that very brown painting over the fire-place?" pointing to a miserable abortion by some dauber, who must have hung himself in despair. "That, sir, is Sam,

son, with the jaw-bone of an ass, about to slay the Philistines ; and I firmly believe, a genuine Domenichino. Very fine ! marvellous ! powerful colour ! extraordinary anatomy ! I have an engraving of the picture." "Of this picture ? quietly inquires his friend. "Certainly, sir, of this very identical picture. I can trace it line by line. This painting is valued at £500, and what do you think I gave for it?" exultingly he asks. "Can't guess." "Only £25. Just like begging it ! Met with it by accident in an out-of-the-way place, amongst some old furniture which had been bought at Lord Fitznoodle's sale, without a frame, and covered with dust ; but I soon saw what it was—a gem ! a treasure ! and was never more surprised in my life—delightfully surprised—than when the man in the shop asked me but £25 for it. To be sure he was an ignoramus : he knew a table from a chest of drawers, and both from a joint-stool ; but he did not know a Domenichino from Adam or a rhinoceros ; and in all probability was content, like a silly fellow, with a few pounds profit on his purchase. Of course I bought the picture immediately, without making many inquiries about it—brought it home under my arm—had it cleaned and framed—and it is now valued at £500 ! By a most extraordinary bit of luck, in a few days after I bought it, I accidentally picked up the engraving, at the same place ! The man was ignorant he had such a thing, until he discovered it among some old books purchased at the same sale. Singular coincidence, wasn't it ?" "Very."

The fair and full value of the picture is twenty-five shillings ! The collector has been completely victimized. No doubt the painting was what dealers term a "plant ;" that is, a picture purposely placed for sale in some convenient, inconvenient, hole-and-corner situation, in the "run" of some particular buyer or buyers whom it is intended to catch. Such a "plant" we occasionally read of in the newspapers, in some such paragraph as this ;—"A singular piece of good fortune ! We copy the following from the Southampton Mercury. John Thomas, waiter at the 'Black Boy and Stomach-ache' Inn, at ——, near Southampton, is in possession of a remarkably fine painting by Paul Potter, five feet by three feet six inches in size, and in very beautiful preservation, which he bought for £5 only, at the sale of an old lady's effects in the neighbourhood of ——, and which has been valued, by competent judges, at £3000. Lord N—— and the Marquis of L—— have been to see it, and one distinguished connoisseur of large fortune, we are credibly informed, has actually offered for it £1500, which Thomas has refused, as he expects to realize a much larger sum. The proprietor, as may be easily imagined, is very proud of his speculation, and pleased with his good fortune, and will oblige, we understand, any respectable person with a sight of the very beautiful painting which, we have no doubt, will be the means of raising him into comparatively affluent circumstances."

Now this picture is a "plant," without a shadow of doubt. It is the property of some clever, plotting dealer, who has cunningly placed it at the "Black Boy," &c. to catch, perhaps, some "new buyer,"—some *vernal collector*—of that neighborhood. The owner would be delighted to get a *bond fide* offer of £200 for the same, for which sum, we are bold to affirm, he would certainly sell it, and give his confederate—the lucky waiter—a good share of the plunder. Many an inexperienced collector, with no guide but his own taste and slender knowledge of pictures, has been victimized in this, or a similar manner, and has expended a considerable sum, and hung up a quantity of rubbish, ere he has acquired the sagacity to detect a "plant."

"We remember a very clever trick that was played off, some years ago, upon a friend of ours, a gentleman who was just then beginning to form a collection of pictures, though quite innocent of any knowledge of the Masters, or the merits of their works ; yet in whom, nevertheless, the desire to possess—the "picture-fever," as it is termed—was like a consuming flame. He was, moreover, entirely ignorant of the sharp practices of dealers ; the cunning tricks frequently resorted to, for entrapping a novice, by persons who have "fine old paintings," which they wish to convert into cash, and who, members of the "Wide-awake Society," ever keep a sharp look out for those whom they can dupe. By these people our friend was occasionally let into a little secret, "much to his advantage." One drizzling, unpleasant evening in November—the dusk was just merging into night—he was sitting quietly by himself in his little office parlour, no doubt meditating on the "grace" of Corregio, the "splendour" of Rubens, the "purity" of Vandyke ; and longing to behold the walls of his snug dwelling covered with the glorious productions of these mighty names ; when his musings were interrupted, and the poetic vision, of a most gorgeous collection in —— Street entirely banished from his imagination, by the announcement that a person in the adjoining apartment wished to speak to him on a matter of much importance. This person was a shabby-genteel man of middle age, with a profusion of black curly hair, large prominent rolling eyes, a nose somewhat aquiline—rather a Jewish cast of countenance—and seemingly, from his decayed dress, and subdued melancholy voice and manner, considerably under the weather. The purport of his visit and communication was this,—"He had taken the great, and perhaps unpardonable, liberty," he said, "of calling on our friend, to make him acquainted with some few particulars in his private history." [But before we proceed farther, it would be as well to state, that our friend is a man of an exceedingly nervous and timid frame of mind, soon alarmed at suspicious appearances, and thrown into a state of fear and trembling ; and he by no means liked the stranger's manner and appearance to begin with. But the man had no sooner made this announcement relative to the particulars of his private life, than our worthy friend began to look upon him as an assassin or robber at least ; and, buttoning up his coat and his pockets, and seizing a ruler off the desk for his defence, tremblingly awaited the attack.]

Some two years ago, the stranger went on to say, he was a merchant residing in Liverpool, moving in a highly respectable sphere, and in affluent circumstances. He traded extensively with the United States of America, and was a sleeping partner in one of the oldest houses in New York ; but, in consequence of some ruinous speculations of the establishment there, and several very heavy losses sustained by himself in this country, his affairs became involved, and in a short time his name appeared in the Gazette. While in his prosperity, (he continued,) he was a liberal patron of the fine arts ; had one of the choicest collections of paintings and antique sculpture in Liverpool ; indeed he flattered himself not one of the merchant princes of that place was more of an enthusiast in art, or had expended a larger sum in the purchase of the productions of the great old masters, than himself. His gallery, which he liberally threw open to the public, to improve their tastes, was the common topic of conversation in every circle ;—Liverpool considered it an honour to the town ;—strangers visited it as one of the chief "lions" of the place ;—in fact an American citizen of immense territorial possession near the Rocky Mountains, and of extremely refined taste, had once made him an offer, for the entire collection, of five thousand acres of the finest forest-land in the world. But he rejected the offer, noble though it was ; he deemed it wrong to deprive his

country of the treasures of art which he had amassed together at so much cost ; and thanked his maker he was too much of a patriot to prefer his own interest to that of his native land. He had fully resolved to bequeath his gallery to the nation, with the hope that, from the study of some of the finest productions of antiquity, a school of art might be created in this country which should all but rival that which imparts so divine a glory to the times of Leo the tenth. But what a death-blow to his dearest hope—almost to his very existence as a human being—was the cruel misfortune that befel him—his bankruptcy,—his being obliged to part with the very treasures which he had fondly believed were to hand down his humble name—the name of Stubbs—to future times, in concert with those of Angerstein, Beaumont, Carr, as a benefactor of his country and of civilized man ! 'Twas not to be—Fate had decreed otherwise. He had dreamed wildly—a poetic dream—a radiant vision of glory !—he had fancied the result of his labours and tasteful research would, in after times, with some similar achievement and benefaction, be coupled together, in men's mouths, "Pisces," in the Zodiac—the Bobleian Library—the Gallery of Stubbs !—never to be disunited or torn asunder ! 'Twas all a dream—a rapturous dream !—but like a dream of the night, that vanishes away when man awakes to the stern realities of life. Those stern realities dispelled his pleasant vision, as tempests dispel all brightness from the sky. The postman came with intelligence of losses—the banker came with his returned bills—the sheriff's officer came with his arrests—the bailiff came with his execution,—last of all the auctioneer came with his hammer, and knocked down every stick and stone he possessed, all his poor, dear, lost treasures of art, (including even a favourite, old, family hair trunk of his wife's, bequeathed to her by her deceased grandmother,)—to the highest bidder ! 'Wo is me ! ejaculated the stranger. Shall I ever forget the horrors of that day !—the day of the sale ? Shall I ever recover from the aberration of mind, (our friend started,) brought about by learning that my Sebastian del Piombo, for which I gave—no matter now what sum—was knocked down to one Wiggins, a dealer in coal tar and pickled herrings, and a man with no more taste than the tongue of my shee, for only £377, 10s ! He went on to observe, that when he stated the *whole* of his choice and valuable collection was brought to the hammer, he omitted to make an exception of *two* pictures, which, by a lucky accident, were preserved to him, and saved from the wreck. These pictures—a very fine "Halt of Cavalry," by Philip Wouvermans, and a landscape, equally fine, by Jacob Ruysdael—were considered by him two of his choicest gems. They were pure and spotless, and painted in the best manner of those esteemed masters. He purchased them some years ago, in the Netherlands, from the actual descendants of the painter, by whom they were treasured as the most valuable property in their possession ; they had remained with the family ever since they were painted—handed down as heirlooms from one to another ; and it was only by paying a very large price, in fact an exorbitant price for them, that he was enabled to make them his. But happy was he to become the proprietor of such exquisite, incomparable productions, although the cost was great. Had the sum demanded been twice as much, he felt that he must have been the purchaser : he could not, with his enthusiasm for the fine arts, have borne the burden of existence, deprived of those invaluable pictures, and must have made any sacrifice required to obtain them. For several nights, after he became the possessor, he could procure no sleep ; the feverish excitement of his mind would not allow of slumber ; and he placed the two paintings on a table at the foot of his bed, with a light on either side, and abandoned himself entirely to the contemplation of their charms. He was entranced ! his imagination revelled in Elysian beauties ! and whether in the body or out of the body he could scarcely tell. He almost felt as if the genius of those mighty artists had taken possession of his own spirit, and as though he himself could create works which should rival theirs ! For weeks, ay, months, the pictures occupied his thoughts, and haunted him day and night ; so inseparably had their many charms fastened hold on his imagination. When he brought them home to Liverpool, he of course gave them the best position in his gallery, where they riveted the attention of all who did him the honour to look over his walls. At the time when his misfortune occurred, they were, luckily, in the hands of a particular friend, to whom he had lent them for a little while, being an enthusiast like himself, that he might quietly enjoy them at his own house. His friend was so kind as to take care of them for him till his affairs were settled : they were not missed by the creditors, strange to say, when the collection was catalogued for sale. Fortunately for him, by some accident, they were altogether overlooked and forgotten ; so that, when the business was finally wound up, they were handed over to him again by his friend ; and, he must say, the possession of those two matchless pictures almost consoled him for the loss of all the rest. After his misfortune, he staid but a short time in Liverpool : he could not bear to hold up his head in the place, for very shame. For a sensitive and honourable mind like his, the disgrace of failure was too acute ; he could not fight up against it ; nor could he again acquire courage to look his old friends and acquaintance in the face. He fled from the town.

Good Heav'n ! what sorrow gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd him from his native walks away ;
When the poor exile, every pleasure past,

Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd his last !

The stranger quoted Goldsmith, to make an impression on our friend. He continued :—After quitting Liverpool, he made the best of his way to London, where he had some wealthy relatives ; but his stay in the metropolis was not prolonged beyond a few weeks, as those same relatives, he fancied, greeted him not so cordially as they were wont to do when he was in prosperity. This he could not brook. He would not submit to be treated like a dog by the very people who had lived in his house, and feasted at his table, for months, when his circumstances were equal to or better than their own. He left the house abuptly, and came at once to the town where he then was dwelling, (and where our friend resided,) hoping that he there should soon be able to meet with some congenial employment whereby to earn a comfortable subsistence.

He wished not for riches, he wished not for grandeur or station ; he had resolved to be content with a little, if that little could be procured in an honest, honourable way, and would be satisfied with a crust and a drop of water, so that he might be independent of those who scorned him for misfortunes he could not help, and for the bringing about of which he could by no means account himself blameable. But the tide of fortune, he was sorry to say, had set in against him. He was destined to be disappointed. His laudable design was to be frustrated, and his fond hope blasted. Never, since he came to the town, had he been able to obtain employment of a nature suitable to his abilities and time of life. For several months, he had been in the greatest distress ; his wife, children, and himself, frequently on the borders of starvation. They had been compelled to part with every little article of any value which they possessed, to procure bread. Even the *two pictures* he esteemed so highly, the "gems"

he had carried from place to place, and cherished fondly as the wife of his bosom, that he had guarded as the apple of his eye, and that were as dear to him as his own heart's blood.—oh, how it maddened him to think of it!—even they, his beautiful Wouvermans and Ruysdael, were at last obliged to go to the pawnbroker's, to provide the means of subsistence! It was this that harrowed up his feelings more than all else that had happened to him. It was this affliction which had been the great grief he feared he should never over-get,—the blow from which he apprehended he should never recover. And the stranger buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child. Our friend was quite overcome by this tale of woe. A man of much sensibility, his heart yearned towards the stranger, on account of his misfortunes. He felt for him as every one *should* feel for a brother man, heart broken, and overwhelmed with sorrow; and inquired if he could be the means of relieving his necessities, by rendering him a temporary assistance. The stranger sprang forward and grasped our friend's hand most passionately. He said: I am starving, literally starving. I have not tasted food for two days. My wife is famishing like myself; and my poor, dear, innocent little children, cry to me for bread, and I have none to give them. Are you a husband, a father?—place yourself in my situation, and imagine what must be the torture of mind I endure! I have no prospect of employment, no money—nothing upon which I can raise even a few shillings to procure a morsel of food for my starving wife and little ones. I am utterly, hopelessly destitute. My two pictures, the only things of value saved from the wreck of my fortunes, I pledged with a pawnbroker in this town, twelve months ago, for £10. My necessities compelled me to do it, much against my will. This very day the time expires; and if the interest is not paid to-night, I lose them for ever. I did hope some time to be able to redeem them, to make them mine again, to keep them in my possession until I die, as treasures I would not willingly part with for a prince's ransom. But it is not in my power to pay even the interest, which would save them for another year. They must go from me, they must fall into the hands of another, and be mine no more. The thought I cannot support; I feel as though I should go raving mad. It will be too much for me,—I shall never live to—(and the stranger wept again.) There is one thing, said he, (after a pause, and struggling to be calm,) that troubles me exceedingly. I cannot make up my mind that that ignorant fellow—that pawnbroker,—should become the proprietor of two such invaluable pictures—and at such price! Pictures worth almost any sum that might be asked for them, for a contemptible ten pounds! Will you do me one kindness? said he; will you be my friend? Five pounds would preserve me, my wife, and innocent children, from starvation. For five pounds, then, I will place *you* in possession of these pictures—these beautiful pictures. See! here are the tickets! Give me five pounds, and the pictures shall be yours! Yours to possess, to enjoy,—to be a perpetual delight to you for the remainder of your days!

Our friend was moved. He was thrown completely off his guard by the manner of the man,—the earnestness, the grief, the passionate appeal to his benevolent feelings; and without hesitating a moment, put his hand in his pockets, and flung down on the table the sum required. The stranger was overwhelmed with gratitude. He could not give expression to his feelings. The tears started into his eyes as he took up the money, and he shook the hand of our friend with a grateful pressure, that spoke more than words. At length he muttered the word—"benefactor!" and found a voice to call down, in broken accents, every blessing of Heaven on our friend, for his merciful and unparalleled kindness. He wished him every good thing in this world, and unending happiness in the next. Then, taking up his hat to depart, he humbly requested to be allowed to see his pictures once more when gracing his benefactor's walls; and, grasping our friend again by the hand warmly, he looked unutterable thanks, and quitted the room.

In a very few minutes after he had left the place, the worthy Collector began to entertain some doubts whether, after all, he had not been duped by this "child of misfortune;" and asked himself the question. "Have you not been robbed of your money, and made the victim of an artful, clever impostor?" But, on attentively examining the pawnbroker's tickets for a moment, he very soon satisfied himself that he could not have been robbed to any great amount, as no pawnbroker would lend £10 on pictures that were not worth at least twice the money. He, therefore, made his mind easy on that score; and, as there was no time to be lost, prepared to go in quest of the pawnbroker's dwelling. He hoped to be enabled to congratulate himself on the bargain he had made; for though a man of a kind heart, and not averse to deeds of charity, he dearly loved a good bargain; and if he could serve another, and himself at the same time, was so much the better pleased. We shall see if, in this instance, he contrived to "kill two birds with one stone."

The night was as unpleasant a one as can possibly be imagined. It was windy; occasionally there came a blast that swept fiercely through the streets, making the chimney pots rattle, and bringing down tiles on the pavement with a loud crash; and a thick drizzling rain descended unremittingly, quickly wetting through the clothes, and filling every alley and street with a sloppy puddle. Ere he started on his adventure, the worthy but timid collector deemed it advisable to request the company of a friend—an enthusiastic lover of pictures like himself; for the pawnbroker's abode was situated in a very low street, in a very low quarter of the town, some couple of miles away; and he was not certain but that the stranger might be an assassin after all, and intend to waylay him on his route. So, admitting the possibility of the thing, it was as well to be prepared. With great willingness his friend agreed to accompany him to the place, and in a little time the twain sallied forth. For half an hour or more they perambulated up one street and down another; through crooked lanes redolent of mud and disease, and alleys long, filthy, close, and without a light—dark as pitch;—from the wretched houses in which emanated, as they passed, sounds of heavy blows, administered by drunkards to their wives—oaths, and shrieks of children—cries of murder—horrible imprecations—laughter, mingled with "curses loud and deep"—singing, scolding, scuffling, fighting; while, at the same time, the rain swept against their faces, and the wind buffeted them about,—stumbling—slipping—splashing—staggering. At last, fatigued, wet, and somewhat dispirited, they arrived at the street where the pawnbroker resided, a filthy, murderous looking lane; and presently descried to their no small satisfaction, the three well known golden dumplings, glittering in the light of a lamp above the door of a low, mean dwelling, whereat they stopped. "Solomon Levi, Licensed Pawnbroker," was written in black letters on a narrow strip of dirty white over the door. "This is the place," said our friend, and entered at once.

Seated at the desk, writing, was a tall, thin, very pale, baldheaded old Jew with great, dark, swimming eyes, one of which had an expression of extreme cunning, and appeared to smile continually, as though it rejoiced within itself at some exquisite bit of roguery; the other kept constant watch on its movements, and seemed to live in perpetual fear of being taken in; they were scarce-

ly separated by an exceedingly thin ridge of nose, like a macaw's, that was nearly transparent, and on the extreme tip of which was supported (by what means did not appear, probably by the same miracle as Mahomet's coffin,) a pair of antique horn spectacles, which no doubt very materially assisted the wearer in comprehending the profits of his trade. This personage was Solomon himself. At the counter stood a Jew clerk, the very opposite of his master in appearance; for he was stumpy and fat, and almost as round as one of the gilded balls over the door. His hair was thick and curly, and seemed intended by nature to serve all the purposes of a hat; circular was his face, as the full moon with cheeks like threepenny loaves, but destitute of the slightest indication of whiskers, for the good seed had fallen on a barren soil; his nose was a little, contemptible, insignificant, and very commonplace sort of feature: nine hundred and ninety-nine such noses might be seen in a crowd any day: like lagn's purse, twas

"Something, nothing;

"Tis mine, 'twas his, and has been slave to thousands;" while in his eyes, there abided a laughing good humour, that spoke the native complacency of his mind. This gentleman was informing Mrs. Nokes—a ragged woman slightly intoxicated, with an infant in her arms, that looked as though it had sucked in gin with its mother's milk—that they—that, is Solomon and himself—could not possibly lend more than fourpence on the old tea kettle, and sixpence on the rusty blanket, she had brought to pledge. Directly our collector and his friend entered the shop, the fat Jew clerk looked at his master and smiled; which smile was immediately pitched back by Solomon; but whether there was something in the wet and disordered exterior of the gentlemen, that savoured of the ludicrous, or whether the pawnbroker and his clerk had any suspicion of the business about which our friend had come, did not appear. "You have two paintings in your possession, I believe, pledged by Mr. Stubbs," said the collector, explaining the object of his visit.

"Mordecai Stubbs?" rejoined Solomon;—"Yesh, sher;—two var fine picture—inegnifishent picture!"

"Could I see them?" inquired our friend.

"Shertainly," said Solomon; "but I beliefs de picture be forfeited, de intrest haf not been paid."

"You are greatly mistaken," returned the collector; "here are the tickets—see!—the time is not yet expired."

"Oh, I shee;—den you haf bought the tickets of Mordecai?" inquired the Jew, with a smile.

"I have," replied our friend.

"Vill you take de picture wid you, or shall I make out two fresh tickets in your name?" asked Solomon. "Ten poussh, de principal, and two poussh de intrest—twelf poussh you vill haft to pay me vor de pair piture,"—calculated Solomon.

"I should certainly like to see the paintings before I do that," said our friend, who began to think seventeen pounds were rather too large a sum to give for a "pig in a poke."

"Var goot," replied the pawnbroker; "den you must pay de intrest virst—two poussh. Ve always makes de rule to haft de intrest paid befor ve brinksh down te tings."

Our friend very reluctantly threw a couple of sovereigns on the counter, which the fat clerk took up, and rang several times to ascertain if they were good.

"Vetch down de picture, Mosesh,"—said Solomon, as soon as he heard the sound of the money, "and be var garval ov de vraine." Moses departed.

The worthy collector now became exceedingly nervous. His face was flushed, and his mind evidently much excited; he was full of anxiety to know the result of his speculation—good or bad,—hoping to find he had made a bargain—fearing lest he had been taken in. Hopes and fears alternated rapidly in his heart—curiosity was strained, and wound up to the highest pitch.

In a very little time Moses again made his appearance, bearing in his arms a somewhat bulky package—the invaluable "gems"—the veritable Ruysdael and Wouvermans, which were to be "a treasure" to our friend, the first pictures of his collection;—and proceeded leisurely and provokingly to untie every knot in the string that bound it.

"Cut it—cut it!" cried the impatient collector, offering his penknife.

"De string vill do again, Mosesh," said Solomon; and gave the fat clerk a knowing look.

At length every knot was untied—the string slipped off—the precious paintings slowly and gradually uncovered. First a wrapper of sheeting was removed, coarse and dirty; then a rusty blanket; next a huge quantity of paper was stripped away; then another bandage of sheeting; after that came a filthy tabe-cover; then paper again; then cow-hair; then a thick padding of cotton;—at last the "gems" themselves appeared to light,

"And sailed into the view with all their charms."

Ye gods and little fishes! can we picture to our mind's eye the looks and countenance of our friend, as he stood and gazed upon them for a moment? those looks of astonishment and horror; that visage where indignation, scorn, pity, and intense mortification by turns were seen chasing each other in rapid succession. The thing is impossible—it cannot be done. Our imagination is incompetent to the endeavour. He was a done man—he saw it—he knew it—he felt it in every nerve and fibre of his body. The first glimpse was enough for him; he wanted not a nearer, closer inspection. Such wretched abortions never defiled canvass before nor since. They were the worst of all the productions of the sons and daughters of paint; daubers of only an hour old never gave birth to performances more miserably bad—more horribly insipid—more stupidly vile. The outside value of both, frames included, was forty shillings; just the sum which had been paid for interest. With a voice of desperate calmness our friend inquired where Mr. Stubbs could be found. Solomon, of course "didn't know." "Will you give my compliments to him when you see him," said the disappointed collector, "and say that when his misfortunes bring him to the gallows, as I doubt not they will, ere long, I will endeavour to be present at his execution and shall be happy to whisper a few words of consolation to him in his dying moments."

"Var goot, shertainly," replied the Jew, with a malicious grin; "but vill you take de picture away now, or haft vresh tickets?"

Our friend heard no more, he could stand it no longer. "To perdition with the pictures!" he shouted, and rushed out of the shop.

The fact is, Mr. Mordecai Stubbs had been employed by the pawnbroker, Solomon Levi, to wait on our friend, whom he had heard of as a young, inexperienced, and enthusiastic collector, to offer him these two "inestimable paintings," and the man of many griefs was too pathetic for him; the worthy collector fell into the trap, and was victimized. Could we have looked upon the knavish pair that evening, as they sipped their grog, and shared the seven sovereigns between them—how droll! how they must have chuckled over the fun, and plumed themselves on that delicious bit of roguery!

To wind up the joke, on the following day our friend received by post the subjoined note :—

" Mr. M. Stubbs presents his compliments to Mr. ——, trusts he likes the pictures, but is sorry to say it will be utterly out of Mr. S's power to call on his benevolent friend, as he hoped and expected, and expressed a desire to do, to see his dear, beautiful Ruyssdael and Wouvermans adorning the gallery of his benefactor, (the man of all others he shall ever be most anxious to serve, whose great kindness he must always remember with gratitude,) as he will leave town in the morning, at an early hour, for the North, whither he is going, (as the weather has cleared up so unexpectedly,) to enjoy a week or two's shooting, with a friend.—(Remainder next week.)

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

[The introductory lecture, delivered on Wednesday last, by Prof. Potter, at University College, appeared to us to give so complete yet condensed a view of this interesting subject, that, with his permission, we here give it almost entire.]

I take (said the Professor) for the subject of my lecture, "The Aurora Borealis," knowing no subject which can be of greater interest than this meteor, as well in regard to the popular history of its appearances, as in regard to the discussion of its causes by scientific men.

There is no reason to doubt that it has been witnessed as long as the human race have inhabited high northern latitudes, and under the same forms as we see it in these ages. When seen frequently it has ceased to be regarded with awe or superstition. In the latitudes of the middle and southern parts of Europe, the more imposing displays occur only at considerable intervals of time, and there are recorded intervals in which it had scarcely been seen in any form. In such countries, and after such periods, an observer of one of the more magnificent displays would be impressed with all the feelings of wonder and apprehension which a new and terrific exhibition occurring by night could produce: and such considerations should lead us to view with indulgence the superstitious records of less enlightened ages.

I shall show presently that the greater number of the appearances of prodigies, portents, and signs recorded as seen in the heavens by night, are distinctly referable to the various forms of the Aurora Borealis; but, in the first place, I must describe them.

Dr. Dalton, in his Meteorology, describes the appearances as of four kinds:—1st. A horizontal light in the magnetic north, like the morning aurora or break of day; and hence the name Aurora Borealis, first applied by Gassendi. 2nd. Fine slender beams, well defined, of dense light, seldom continuing at rest so long as one minute, but more frequently having a quick lateral motion. Their direction is parallel to the dipping needle. 3rd. Flashes pointing upwards, like the beams, which they always succeed,—momentary, with no lateral motion, but repeated many times in a minute, broader and more diffuse than the beams: they sometimes fluctuate, but continue for hours. 4th. Arches nearly in the form of rainbows. To these of Dr. Dalton we may add a fifth form of nebulous irregular masses and bands.

All recorded appearances can be referred to the above five forms, with their modifications; as, for instance, the nebulous mass sometimes becomes broken up into small fleecy parts, or takes a curdled appearance. The light is sometimes coloured, chiefly carmine, red, and pale green. One extremity of an arch only, is sometimes seen projecting above the eastern or western horizon, and has then been mistaken for a beam singularly permanent. The beams are now admitted to be parallel to the magnetic dipping needle, and hence, when they cover a large part of the sky, they appear, according to the laws of perspective, to converge towards the point in the heavens to which the dipping needle points, and there form what is called the corona. This, being formed by the apparent concourse of many beams and flashes, is sometimes very magnificent; shining with bright, flickering, and sometimes coloured light. Its position here is about 25° from the zenith, in an azimuth about 23° from the south towards the east. The arches are nearly, if not accurately, at the right angles to the magnetic meridian, by which we mean the vertical circle in the heavenly vault, whose plane passes through the magnetic needle. They are sometimes stationary for a considerable time, as half an hour; at other times they move southward, rising sometimes in the magnetic north, and proceeding southwards until they disappear; sometimes being formed above the horizon. On a few occasions they have been seen to move back to the north again, but very rarely, and when their altitude above the northern horizon was not very great.

The names which have been applied formerly to these appearances, are such as the following:—The beams, coruscations, or streamers, have been called burning spears, merry dancers, bloody rods, and skipping goats (*capra saltans*, unless this last term with the ancients was applied to the flashes). When a low arch was formed in the north, the space beneath was called (Bothynoë) a cave or chasm. When the streamers covered a considerable part of the sky, we recognize the term Pithias as applied to the appearance of the staves of a hoghead. Aristotle uses the terms—flames, firebrands or torches, goats, flashings. He says, they are seen of the colour of blood, and in the figure of a cave or gulf.

Superstitious writers have considered the various appearances as prodigies and signs, and have imagined forms of flying dragons, celestial armies, a bloody heaven, bloody standards, &c.

In the extensive chronological catalogue, published by Frobesius, at Helmstadt, 1739, the earliest record he gives is for the year 502, B. C., when military spears were seen burning in the heavens a great part of a night.

463, B. C.—The heavens were seen to be on fire, and the year most pestilential to man and beast.

463, B. C.—The heavens were again seen to burn; and so, without any very distant intermission, the records come in a long chain down to our own times, but generally with admixture of fancy; as, for instance, on a certain night a horrible cave or chasm was seen in the heavens; on another occasion, terrible images and a vast chasm are recorded. In warlike times we have fancies of scenes of war. In the dark ages, the religious chroniclers give us descriptions which shock us with their impiety.

How the meteor accommodated itself in the imagination of the beholders to the changes in the modes of warfare, we learn without going very far back. On the occasion of the royal baptism in September 1606, the Court of France being assembled at Fontainebleau, there were appearances seen in the heavens, on the 13th September, and again on the day after the ceremonies, the 15th. The latter appeared as cavaliers and foot soldiers charging each other furiously, some falling below their horses, and wishing to raise themselves were trampled on by the others. Some, after having fired

with arquebus and pistol, collared each other, and did not quit their hold until the stronger had put down the weaker. It is recorded, however, that the philosophers fell into one opinion, that these signs and apparitions neither portended good nor evil, being exhalations taking the forms of clouds, and presenting themselves to the eye in the various forms which were seen.

The first step to be taken in determining the causes and origin of the Aurora Borealis is to find the region in which it exists. The greater number of philosophers have been content to connect it with the aqueous clouds of the atmosphere, from its *sometimes* having a similar form, but the analogy more frequently fails. For instance, where have we clouds like the flitting streamers, or arches like rainbows, perpendicular to the magnetic meridian? When do we recognize clouds related to the magnetic needle? Another argument that the streamers were sometimes heard to give a sound as of some rushing fluid, is evidently false, for a rush heard when a steamer became lighted up, must exist only in the sympathy of the eye and ear of the observer, for no allowance was made for the time the sound would take to travel from the streamer to the observer.

The voyagers to the Arctic regions believed they saw a streamer descend between them and some distant hills. Since the duration of the impression of light on the retina is about one-seventh of a second, a streamer lighted up from above, downwards to the horizon terminated by the hills, would appear to pass below the summit of the hills to an eye following its downward course, although it were really far beyond them. Such arguments as the above must seem undeserving of serious refutation, yet they have weighed more with leading scientific men of the present day, than legitimate investigations, as is evidenced by the proceedings of the British Association and the Transactions of the Royal Society.

Trigonometrical measures of the more permanent portions of the phenomena are the only sure method of determining the height above the earth's surface, and the arches are the best suited of any of them.

If *B*, *C*, *D*, *E*, were places on the earth's surface, and on the same magnetic meridian, *A*, the highest point of the arch above the horizon, would be the same for all the places (the arch being supposed perpendicular to the plane of the paper) and if seen northward at any considerable altitude at *B* and *C*, the place *D*, at which it was vertical would not be many miles distant from *B* and *C*, if the height *D-A*, did not exceed five miles, which is the greatest height attributed to the light fleecy clouds, and more dense clouds being often under one mile high. Such an arch would appear considerably to the southward at *E*, a few miles further north than *D*. Now no such great parallactic effect is noticed. The arches, as well as the other appearances, are seen at places more than 100 miles distant on the same magnetic meridian, with only a moderate change of altitude above the horizon, showing that the height above the earth's surface must be many times what we have just supposed.

Several philosophers of the last century endeavoured, with data less perfect than we can now use since the magnetic character is established, to find the height, and obtained results 133 to 1008 miles. The discordance of these was a strong argument against them; but we see that the auroral light must exist at a great difference of height.

The more trustworthy measures have been made in this country, and have acquired a greater degree of certainty since the magnetic theory was developed. The first in point of date is that made by Cavendish from various observations on the aurora of the 23rd Feb. 1784. These gave the height to be between fifty-two and seventy-one miles.

Dr. Dalton, whilst living at Kendal, re-discovered the connexion of the meteor with the earth's magnetism, not knowing that it had been proposed more than seventy years before by Dr. Halley. Upon this, he made preparations in conjunction with a friend as Keswick, nearly twenty-one miles distant on the same magnetic meridian, to obtain correct data for trigonometrical determination of the height, and, a favorable display occurring, in which the arch was stationary, the observations gave the height 150 miles. The next calculation was made by Dr. Dalton on the aurora of the 29th March 1826, on which good observations were made at places so distant in England and Scotland that he considered the data the best which had ever been procured: they gave the height 100 miles.

Having watched the displays of the Aurora with assiduity for several years, I at length obtained, whilst living near Manchester, an observation of an arch contemporaneous with another by Dr. Burney at Gosport on the 29th Sept. 1828. Manchester and Gosport being about 193 miles on the magnetic meridian, gave an excellent base, and the height for the upper edge proved to be between 197 and 218 miles, allowing the utmost limits on account of the arch being in motion. It was seen to the north of the zenith at Gosport, and to the south of it at Manchester.

The auroral arch of the 12th Dec. 1830, was observed by Dr. Burney at Gosport, and by Mr. John Blackwall, at Crumpsall Hall, near Manchester. The height for the upper edge came out ninety-nine miles. If the altitude at Gosport were nearer the first determination given by Dr. Burney, the height might be 134 miles. The height of the upper edge calculated by a formula I had investigated for finding the height and distance from observations of the altitude of the arch above, and its extent on the horizon, on the condition that it was part of a small circle round the magnetic axis, came out 108 miles.

An arch of an Aurora Borealis on the 21st March 1833, was observed at Armagh by Dr. Robinson; at Athboy by Lord Darnley, and at Edinburgh by Professor Forbes. The data being furnished to me by Professor Forbes and Dr. Robinson, I calculated its height from their observation to be 196 miles nearly: from Lord Darnley's and Professor Forbes's observations, I found that, thirteen minutes four seconds later, its height was 143 miles nearly. The arch whilst proceeding southward may have descended nearer the earth's surface, but Lord Darnley's time was not so accurately marked as to make this certain. The places of observation here were very far from the same magnetic meridian, and I used the method of taking the differences of the distances of the places from the magnetic pole, as the basis. In consequence of the reading of my paper at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge in 1833, on the last calculation of the last-mentioned Aurora, a discussion arose, in which Dr. Whewell and Professor Airy advocated its being at a low elevation. A committee being formed, and instructions for observing drawn up and distributed, extensive observations were obtained on the two magnificent displays which occurred on the 17th September and the 12th October 1833. Up to this time, I believe, no calculation of them has been published. Mr. Airy, by a method entirely graphical, says he found the height of the arches to be between fifty and sixty miles, that of the 17th September being probably the higher. "At the same time, the Professor expressed his conviction that the streamers in the Aurora of September 17th were connected with the clouds visible at Cambridge." Now, the streamers were, from the descriptions in the observations, evident-

ly connected with Aurora clouds, but the passage just quoted leaves us to conclude they were the ordinary clouds.

From the observations on the 17th September, I find on calculation, the arch which occurred earlier in the evening had the height of its under edge fifty-six and of its upper edge seventy-one miles. Later in the evening a faint stationary arch was observed at York and Gosport, on which good observations were made, and which give the height 389 miles.

We see that the Aurora exists only beyond the ordinary limits assigned to the earth's atmosphere (forty to fifty miles), and that it takes place with this for inferior limit at much greater heights. Its cause must, therefore, be sought in extraneous matter arriving within the influence of the earth's magnetism or electro-magnetism.

I have before given an opinion, which I still believe to be the correct view, and that the phenomena of the Aurora Borealis are caused by gaseous matter much more rare than Encke's or Biela's comets, which in its path in space comes within the earth's influence. Such a gas or vapour, with elements such as are found in meteoric stones, would account for the appearances.

THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

From Simmond's Colonial Gazette.

This is yet almost a *terra incognita*. We know Europe pretty thoroughly. Asia has been traversed in all its length by civilized travellers. With the geography of America we may call ourselves familiar. But how little do we know of the vast continent which lies almost wholly within the tropics, and of which the greater part seems shut up as effectually against the advance of civilization as if it were upon another planet! Indeed the 'mountains of the moon' would be subject to more accurate observation were they situated upon the satellite from which they derive their name. The efforts of civilized travellers have been for centuries directed to the recesses of this continent, yet four-fifths of it blank upon our maps. Its whole centre is one broad unexplored region, and the information obtained by recent travellers is one of the most aggravating kind, showing us mines of wealth which it is impossible to work. Before giving the results of these discoveries, let us look upon Africa as the world has known it and as it may be familiar to most of our readers—Egypt, an old and worn out country, in its antiquities one of the most interesting places on the continent, occupies a small portion of its northwestern border. The river Nile has been explored to its sources by Bruce and other travellers, who have given us some curious facts. The Barbary states occupy the northern portion bordering on the Mediterranean. South of this, and stretching from the Nile to the Atlantic, is the great desert of Zahara. Along the whole western coast are small establishments or factories for trade in slaves, gold dust, ivory, palm oil, and other vegetable productions. This trade has been nearly monopolized by the English until lately, but now American enterprise has taken a large portion of it out of their hands. On this coast are the settlements of Sierra Leone and Liberia, established as colonies for emancipated slaves; but both, we have reason to believe, are in a wretched condition. The English possessions are a number of independent sovereignties, which carry on limited trade. The Imam of Muscat is a prince of considerable liberality and enterprise. Quite recently the English have made a settlement at Aden, near the mouth of the Red Sea. Having once obtained a foot-hold, they began to push about them, and one of their first discoveries was a river where none was marked upon any chart, and up this they steamed three hundred miles without finding the least obstruction. Having now passed round this continent let us look into the interior.

For half a century the English government have been expending lives and treasure in partial exploration. They have found that this whole tract of country is one of amazing fertility and beauty, abounding in gold, and all sorts of tropical vegetation. There are hundreds of woods, invaluable for dying and architectural purposes, not found in other portions of the world. Through it for thousands of miles sweeps a river, from three to six miles broad, with clear water, and of unsurpassed depth, flowing on at the rate of two or three miles an hour, without rock, shoal or snag, to interrupt its navigation. Other rivers pour into this, tributary waters of such volume as must have required hundreds of miles to be collected, yet they seem scarcely to enlarge it. This river pours its waters into the Atlantic, through the most magnificent delta in the world, consisting perhaps of a hundred mouths, extending probably five hundred miles along the coast, and mostly broad, deep, and navigable for steamboats. Upon this river are scattered cities, some of which are estimated to contain a million of inhabitants, and the whole country teems with a dense population. Far in the interior, in the very heart of this continent, is a nation in an advanced state of civilization. The grandeur and beauty of portions of the country through which the Niger makes its sweeping circuit, are indescribable. In many places its banks rise boldly a thousand feet, thickly covered with the richest vegetation of tropical climes. But all this vast and sublime country, this scene of rich fertility and romantic beauty is apparently shut out for ever from the rest of the world. It is the negro's sole possession. He need not fear the incursions of the white man there; for over this whole lovely country broods one dread malaria, and to the white man it is the "valley of the shadow of death." In expedition after expedition, sent out from the English ports on the island of Ascension, not one white man in ten has returned alive; all have fallen victims to this seemingly beautiful, but awful climate. It seems impossible for any Englishman to breathe that air. So dreadful is it, so small the chance of life, that criminals in England have been offered pardon, on condition of volunteering in this service, more terrible than that of gathering the poison from the fabled Upas. This country, tempting as it is, can only be penetrated at the risk of life; and it is melancholy to think that those who have given us even the meagre information that we have, did so at the sacrifice of their lives.

A LION FIGHT.—In an extract which the *Débats* gives from a letter dated Bona, in Africa, on the 14th ult., the writer states—"I have already spoken of the rare proofs of intrepidity and courage which have been given by the Maréchal-des-logis Gerard in his expeditions against the lions. I must now tell you of one of his exploits, which nearly cost him his life; though I should first mention that at midnight, on the 2d of August, he killed a lioness near the domains of Sheik Mohammed ben Amar, situate in Mahanna, the country of Ouled Hamza, but without any remarkable incident attending it.

"On the 15th the brave young fellow was called on by the inhabitants of Meira, near the Garden of Lions, in the gorges of the Mohanna, to rid the country of a black lion, which had depopulated it, and attacked the flocks for a number of years. For several nights Gerard posted himself with the expectation of meeting the animal in his track of the previous evening, but

to no purpose; for the lion never took the same way twice. Tired of waiting, he placed himself, on the evening of the 15th, in the midst of the Garden of Lions, and near the only opening which exists in this immense gorge.

"Seated a few paces from a narrow path, and partly hidden by an enormous stone, Gerard waited some hours for his terrible adversary. About eleven o'clock the noise of steps warned him of the animal's arrival: Gerard prepared for his reception, and the lion, which, whatever savans may assert to the contrary, is endowed with the sense of smelling, scented out the footsteps of the intrepid hunter, and set up a fearful roaring.

"The moon shone brilliantly, and enabled Gerard to let him approach within four or five paces, so as to take a surer aim. When the lion saw him he bristled with rage, and Gerard fired a ball into the middle of his forehead, which unfortunately bounded back and struck the brave fellow on his chest. At the same instant the lion darted towards him striking with his chest the stone behind which he was placed, and overturned it on Gerard's feet. Unable to fire on account of being so near, he as quickly as possible seized his dagger, which he was accustomed to carry at his side without a sheath, and aimed a blow at the animal's left temple, but the blade broke and the lion walked off roaring fearfully. It was with difficulty that Gerard could extricate his feet, which were much bruised, from the stone that had fallen on them. He however at last escaped, safe and sound, from a strife in which he reckoned his death as certain, but where he gave indisputable proofs of his coolness and bravery."

The Gazette des Tribunaux furnishes an anecdote from one of the bye-ways of Parisian life, which is worth reporting for its touching character. Some days since, a widow, keeping a well-known book-stall near the Pont St. Michel, was addressed by an old man, to whom his load of wretchedness seemed a heavier burthen than even that of his years. From beneath an old tattered garment the stooping man drew forth a thick volume, torn and stained by long use; and offering it to the book dealer, said:—"Intrinsically this is worth a mere nothing: it had a value to me, however; but I have not the courage to let myself die of my hunger,—so give me for it what you will." The volume in question was the 'History of Astronomy amongst all Nations,' by Bailly; and, in its worn out condition, was dear at 50 centimes:—but, the female merchant, pitying its owner's destitution, gave him a franc; and the latter immediately entering a baker's shop, brought out a portion of a loaf, and sat down to eat it solitarily by the river's side. M. G.—, a canon of Notre Dame and haunter of the book-stalls in this neighbourhood, had been a witness of the scene; and taking up the book when the old man was gone, he found on the reverse of the title-page the following lines, firmly traced, but whose ink had assumed the colour of rust:—"My young friend, I am condemned to die;—at this hour to-morrow I shall be no more. I leave you friendless in the world—in a time of dreadful trouble; and that is one of my bitterest griefs. I had promised to be a father to you;—God wills that my promise shall not be performed. Take this volume as the pledge of my earnest love—and keep it in memory of me—Bailly." Deeply affected by this one record of such varied miseries, at the opposite extremes of fifty years, the canon flung two francs to the merchant for her bargain—and hastened with it to the old man, of whom he had not for a moment lost sight. From the latter, he learned that he was the natural son of a person of high rank; had been, after his father's death, the pupil and almost the adopted child of Bailly; and that, on the eve of his death, the illustrious martyr sent to him this copy of the work which, in 1784, had opened to himself the doors of the Academy. This unfortunate pupil of an unfortunate master, after having been long engaged in the business of public instruction, had been attack by illness, which compelled him to resign his functions; and had since been gradually sinking into the state of destitution, under whose gnawing promptings he had turned the last gift of his friend and benefactor into bread. The canon took the old man to his home; and has since laboured successfully to procure his admission into the hospital of Larochefoucauld—where the remainder of his days are these at least, of temporal comforts.

Fate of Spanish Rulers.—Retribution strangely follows in this life the trifler with the lives of his fellow-men; and when the tiger of the Peninsula is let loose he tears his victim to pieces. Though the fumes of blood cast a film over the eyes of despots, which hides from them the end that awaits them—an end as cruel as their lives had been—the finger of an avenging Providence not less certainly writes their doom in invisible ink upon the palace-wall. The Conde de Espana was a wholesale murderer, and was slain by his own people; Moreno, the political butcher of Malaga, was himself assassinated in the end; Quesada, the trampler of the Madrid populace beneath his horses' hoofs, was torn by that populace asunder, and his mutilated fingers stirred a convivial bowl for the Nacionales who slew him; the Governor of Cadiz, in 1840, was assassinated for his severities, in the street; Elio, Captain-General of Valencia, was the executioner of his political adversaries, and perished on the scaffold. The contemporary annals of Portugal furnish similar instances; for within ten years, Gomez Freire, an unpopular Minister, was shot down in the streets of Lisbon, and Telles Jordao, the inhuman persecutor of the Constitutional prisoners in the Tower of St. Julian, was torn in pieces and as frightfully mutilated as Quesada was in Madrid. This is the true mirror for ministers in the Peninsula—the awful lesson which "must give them pause" in the midst of their riot of power and barbarous instincts. "No hay boda sin tornaboda," says a significant Spanish proverb—"There is no wedding but there is a day after it!"

Revelations of Spain in 1845

Execution of Governor Wall.—The prisoner entered. He was death's counterfeit—tall, shrivelled, and pale; his soul shot so piercingly through the port-holes of his head, that the first glance nearly petrified me. I said in my heart, putting my pencil in my pocket, "God forbid that I should disturb thy last moments." His hands were clasped, and he was truly penitent. After the yeoman had requested him to stand up, he pinioned him, as the Newgate phrase is, and tied the cord with so little feeling, that the Governor, who had not given the wretch the accustomed fee, observed, "You have tied me very tight;" upon which Dr. Ford ordered him to slacken the cord, upon which he did, but not without muttering. "Thank you, Sir," said the Governor to the Doctor, "it is of little moment." He then observed to the attendant who had just brought in an immense iron shovel full of coals to throw on the fire, "Aye, in one hour that will be a blazing fire;" then, turning to the Doctor, questioned him: "Do tell me sir,—I am informed I shall go down with great force; is it so?" After the construction and action of the machine had been explained, the Doctor questioned the Governor as to what kind of men he had at Goree,—"Sir," he answered, "they sent me the very riff-raff." The poor soul then joined the Doctor in prayer; and never did I witness more contrition at any condemned sermon than he then evinced.

Smith's Book for a Rainy Day

AMERICAN ARTISTS.

ROME, October, 1845.

You would perhaps like to hear what the American artists on the continent are doing. I met with Leutze at Dusseldorf. After a sojourn of some days in Holland, in which I was obliged to talk to the Dutchmen in German, and get my answers in Dutch, without a dim apprehension of each other's meaning, as you may suppose on both sides; after being smoked through like a herring, with the fumes of bad tobacco in the railway, and in the diligence which took us over the long and mountainous road on the plains of the Rhine between Amheim and Dusseldorf—after dodging as well as we were able, the English travellers, the most disagreeable of the travelling tribe who swarm along the Rhine in the summer season, it was a refreshment to stop a day at Dusseldorf and take breath, and meet an American face or two. We found Leutze engaged upon a picture, the subject of which is John Knox reproving Queen Mary. It promises to be a capital work. The stern gravity of Knox, the embarrassment of the Queen, and the scorn with which the French damsels of her court regard the saucy reformer, are extremely well expressed, and tell the story impressively.

At Dusseldorf, which is the residence of so many eminent painters, we expected to find some collection, or at least some of the best specimens, of the works of the modern German school. It was not so, however—fine pictures are painted at Dusseldorf, but they are immediately carried elsewhere. We visited the studio of Schrotter—a man with humour in every line of his face, who had nothing to show us but a sketch, just prepared for the easel, of the scene in Goethe's Faust, where Mephistopheles, in Ruerbach's Cellar, bores the edge of the table with a gimlet, and a stream of champagne gushes out. Kohler, an eminent artist, allowed us to see a clever painting on his easel, in a state of considerable forwardness, representing the rejoicings of the Hebrew maidens at the victory of David over Goliath. At Lessing's—painter whose name stands in the first rank, and whom we did not find at home—we saw a sketch on which he was engaged, representing the burning of John Huss; yet it was but a sketch—a painting in embryo.

But I am wandering from the American artists. At Cologne, whither we were accompanied by Leutze, he procured us the sight of his picture of Columbus before the council of Salamanca, one of his best. Leutze ranks high in Germany, as a young man of promise, devoting himself with great energy and earnestness to his art.

At Florence we found Greenough just returned from a year's residence at Grafenberg, whence he has brought back his wife, a patient of Priessnitz and the water cure, in florid health. He is now applying himself to the completion of the group which he has engaged to execute for the capitol at Washington. It represents an American settler, an athletic man, in a hunting shirt and cap, a graceful garb, by the way, rescuing a female and her infant from a savage who has just raised his tomahawk to murder them. Part of the group, the hunter and the Indians, is already in marble, and certainly the effect is wonderfully fine and noble. The hunter has approached his enemy unexpectedly from behind, and grasped both his arms, holding them back, in such a manner that he has no command of their muscles, even for the purpose of freeing himself. Besides the particular incident represented by the group, it may pass for an image of the aboriginal race of America overpowered and rendered helpless by the white man. Greenough's statue of Washington is not as popular among the Americans as it deserves to be; but the work on which he is now engaged I am very sure will meet with a different reception.

In a letter from London, I spoke of the beautiful figure of the Greek slave, by Powers. At Florence I saw in his studio the original model, from which his workmen were cutting two copies in marble. At the same place I saw his Proserpine, an ideal bust of great sweetness and beauty, the fair chest swelling out from a circle of leaves of the acanthus. About this also the workmen were busy, and I learned that seven copies of it had been recently ordered from the hand of the artist. By its side stood the unfinished statue of Eve, with the fatal apple in her hand, an earlier work, which the world has just begun to admire. I find that connoisseurs are divided in opinion concerning the merit of Powers as a sculptor.

All allow him the highest degree of skill in execution, but some deny that he has shown equal ability in his conception. "He is confessedly," said one of them to me, "the greatest sculptor of busts in the world—equal, in fact, to any that the world ever saw; the finest heads of antiquity are not of a higher order than his." He then went on to express his regret that Powers had not confined his labours to a department in which he was so pre-eminent. I have heard that Powers, who possesses great mechanical skill, has devised several methods of his own for giving precision and perfection to the execution of his works. It may be that my unlearned eyes are dazzled by this perfection, but really I cannot imagine anything more beautiful of its kind than his statue of the Greek slave.

Gray is at this moment in Florence, though he is soon coming to Rome. He has made some copies from Titian, one of which I saw. It was a Madonna and child, in which the original painting was rendered with all the fidelity of a mirror. So indisputably was it a Titian, and so free from the stiffness of a copy, that as I looked at it, I fully sympathised with the satisfaction expressed by the artist at having attained the method of giving with ease the peculiarity of colouring which belongs to Titian's pictures.

An American landscape painter of high merit is G. L. Brown, now residing at Florence. He possesses great knowledge of detail, which he knows how to keep in its place, subduing it, and rendering it subservient to the general effect. I saw in his studio two or three pictures, in which I admired his skill in copying the various forms of foliage and other objects, nor was I less pleased to see that he was not content with this sort of merit, but, in going back from the foreground, had the art of passing into that appearance of an infinity of forms and outlines which the eye meets with in nature. I could not help regretting that one who copied nature so well, should not prefer to represent her as she appears in our own fresh and glorious land, instead of living in Italy and painting Italian landscapes.

To refer again to foreign artist—before I left Florence I visited the annual exhibition which had been opened in the Academy of the Fine Arts. There were one or two landscapes reminding me somewhat of Cole's manner, but greatly inferior, and one or two good portraits, and two or three indifferent historical pictures. The rest appeared to me decidedly bad—wretched landscapes, portraits, some of which were absolutely hideous, and stiff, ill-colored and full of grimace.

Here at Rome, we have an American sculptor of great ability, Henry K. Brown, who is just beginning to be talked about. He is executing a statue of Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz, of which the model has been ready for some months, and is also modelling a figure of Rebecca at the Well. When I first saw his Ruth I was greatly struck with it, but after visiting the studios

of Wyatt and Gibson, and observing their sleek imitations of the Grecian art, their learned and faultless statues, nymphs or goddesses, or gods of the Greek mythology, it was with infinite pleasure that my eyes rested again on the figure and face of Ruth, perhaps not interior in perfection of form, but certainly imbued with a deep human feeling which I found not in their elaborate works. The artist has chosen the moment in which Ruth is addressed by Boaz as she stands among the gleaners. He quoted to me the lines of Keats, on the song of the nightingale—

" Perchance the self same song that found a path
To the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien's corn."

She is not in tears, but her aspect is that of one who listens in sadness; her eyes are cast down, and her thoughts are of the home of her youth, in the land of Moab. Over her left arm hangs a handful of ears of wheat, which she has gathered from the ground, and her right rests on the drapery about her bosom. Nothing can be more graceful than her attitude or more expressive of melancholy sweetness and modesty that her physiognomy. One of the copies which the artist was executing—there were two of them—is designed for a gentleman in Albany. Brown will shortly, or I am greatly mistaken, achieve a high reputation among the sculptors of the time.

Rosseter, an American painter, who has passed six years in Italy, is engaged on a large picture, the subject of which is taken from the same portion of Scripture history, and which is intended for the gallery of an American gentleman. It represents Naomi with her two daughters-in-law, when "Orpah kissed her, but Ruth clave unto her." The principal figures are those of the Hebrew matron and Ruth, who have made their simple preparations for their journey to the land of Israel, while Orpah is turning sorrowfully away to join a caravan of her country people. This group is well composed, and there is a fine effect of the rays of the rising sun on the mountains and rocks of Moab.

At the studio of Lang, a Philadelphia artist, I saw two agreeable pictures, one of which represents a young woman whom her attendants and companions are arraying for her bridal. As a companion piece to this, but not yet finished, he had upon the easel a picture of a beautiful girl, decked for espousals of a different kind, about to take the veil, and kneeling in the midst of a crowd of friends and priests, while one of them is cutting off her glossy and flowing hair. Both pictures are designed for a Boston gentleman, but a duplicate of the first has already been painted for the King Württemberg.—*Evening Post.*

MONASTIC JESTS, AND ECCENTRICITIES.

* * * Meinwerre was a kinsman of the Emperor of Germany, and became that monarch's chaplain. He was a man of wealth as well as rank; and the emperor's reason for appointing him to the bishopric of Paderborn, and his own reason for accepting the offer, was the poverty of the see, the cathedral, monastery, and town having been recently burned. He made over his estate to the see, rebuilt the cathedral, and governed his diocese with equal spirit and kindness. He was an original in many particulars.

Once, riding through one of the farms belonging to the bishopric, he told some of his companions to ride their own, or turn some loose, horses into some corn, which was being thrashed under cover; saying, that if the serfs were faithful, they would resist them, but if they were unfaithful to the steward, they would rejoice in the mischief which would bring loss upon him. The serfs, however, under pretence of paying their obeisance to the bishop all ran away; and the horses began to devour and trample on the corn. The bishop immediately taxed the labourers with their want of faith, had them severely flogged, and then gave them an uncommonly good dinner (*ciborum copiam abundantissime reficiens*) and a paternal admonition on fidelity to their master; all which together had an excellent effect, that when he next visited the place he found himself shut out by their faithful vigilance, and was obliged to make his way into the premises by stealth. Having done so, he heard the woman of the house complaining that the labourers on that farm had nothing but a very spare allowance of meal; whereupon he ordered that two of the gammons of bacon which the steward was bound to furnish every year, should be detained for them.

I should like to gossip on with an account of his visits to other farms, and to tell how he once got into the kitchen of his monastery by himself, and investigated the contents of the pots which were boiling at the fire, in order to see that his monks had proper food; and how, at another time, he went there in a lay habit, to have a little chat on the same subject, with the cook, who in reply to his inquiries, informed him that the living there was very good as concerning the soul, but very poor in respect of the body; and how—he sees always to have been on the alert—he went through his diocese in the disguise of a pedlar, in order that he might see for himself how things were going on. I should like, I say, to transcribe some of these anecdotes, for they are really—not like some which we find produced as such—characteristic of the times; but I am afraid of being tedious; and whatever might be his care in preserving, it is more to our purpose to show that he was diligent in acquiring.

In fact, his acquisitiveness led him to acts which, in our days, might have brought him into an awkward acquaintance with the police magistrate. But the emperor's cousin and schoolfellow might take liberties which a meaner man must not have ventured upon; and some of these were worthy of a genuine humorist, and were relished as points of humour by this imperial master.

Indeed, there seems to have been an understanding—or, in the language of schools, they seem to have "made it fair"—between them, that the bishop should get all he could by force or fraud; and that, in return, the emperor should love him heartily, growl at him occasionally, and now and then make a fool of him. As to the latter point, however, the emperor seems generally to have had the worst of it in the long run, as will appear from one or two instances.

Once, when Henry was going to hear mass at the cathedral, he ordered the altar to be decked with costly apparatus of royalty, and bade his people keep a sharp look out, least the bishop should get hold of any thing, as he was very apt to do. Meinwerre said mass himself; and after the *Agnus Dei*, he entered the pulpit, and began to discuss the difference between the imperial and sacerdotal dignity, and the superiority of the latter, affirming that matters of divine right were above human authority, and showing by the canons, that whatsoever was consecrated to the use of divine service, was under the sacerdotal jurisdiction. He therefore put under a bann all the ecclesiastical ornaments and priestly vestments which had just been used, and threatened with excommunication any person who should remove them.

On another occasion, the emperor sent him, after vespers, his own golden cup, of exquisite workmanship, full of drink, charging the messenger not to see his face again without the cup. The bishop received the present with many thanks, and got the messenger into a long chat, during which he seems

to have forgotten the business which brought him there, and the emperor's charge—at least, somehow or other, he went away without the cup—and the bishop, taking care to have the doors fastened after him, sent immediately for his goldsmiths, Brunhard, and his son Erpho, and, in the course of the night, which immediately preceded Christmas-day, the cup was converted into a chalice. One of the emperor's chaplains, who officiated as sub-deacon at mass the next day, recognised the cup, and took it to the emperor, who charged the bishop with theft, and told him that God abhorred robbery for burnt offering. Meinwerre replied that he only robbed the vanity and avarice of Henry, by consecrating their subject to the service of God; and dared him to take it away. "I will not," said the Emperor, "take away that which has been devoted to the service of God; but I will myself humbly offer to him that which is my own property; and do you honour the Lord, who vouchsafed as on this night to be born for the salvation of all men, by the performance of your own duties."

And here follows the famous mole story. After all, even in its amended form, it hardly serves the bishop's Latinity, while it gives a very curious picture of the ecclesiastical decorum of his times.

At another time, the emperor had a mantle of marvellous beauty, and exquisite workmanship. Meinwerre had often begged it for his church in vain; and therefore, on one occasion, when the emperor was intent on some particular business, he fairly snatched it from his person, and made off with it. The emperor charged him with robbery, and threatened to pay him off for it some time or other. Meinwerre replied, that it was much more proper that such a mantle should hang in the temple of God, than on his mortal body, and that he did not care for his threats. They were, however, carried into execution in the following manner:—"The emperor knowing that the bishop, being occupied in a great variety of secular business, was now and then guilty of a barbarism, both in speaking and in reading Latin, with the help of his chaplain effaced the syllable *fa* from the words *familis* and *famulabus*, which form part of a collect in the service for the dead, in the missal; and then called on the bishop to say a mass for the souls of his father and mother. Meinwerre, therefore, being unexpectedly called on to perform the service, and hastened to do it, read on as he found written, *muis* and *mulabus*; but, perceiving the mistake, he repeated the words correctly. After mass, the emperor said, in a sarcastic manner, to the bishop, 'I asked you to say mass for my father and mother, not for male and female males.' But he replied, 'By the mother of our Lord you have been at your old tricks, and have made a fool of me again; and now, in no common way, but in the service of our God. This he who is my Judge has declared that he will avenge; for that which is done to him he will not pass by unpunished.' Thereupon, he immediately convened the canons in the chapter house of the cathedral, ordered the emperor's chaplain, who had been a party to the trick to be most severely flogged; and then, having dressed him in new clothes, sent him back to the emperor to tell him what had happened."

EPITAPH ON AN OLD BACHELOR.

Beneath this stone a being lies,
Who ne'er the joys of wedlock shared.
With no one near to close his eyes,
One day he died—and no one cared!

AN AMUSING LETTER.

In connexion with the above, we give the following epistle, which was enclosed in a blank envelope, to a "tall, handsome bachelor" friend of ours (who shall be nameless,) in reply to a *billet-doux* he addressed to a charming young *demi-ville* not a thousand miles hence! As the junior Editor is a married man—he will premise that he totally dissents from an endorsement of the last paragraph in this letter. If there are any matrimonial matters that are especially pleasing, they are them same "night-caps—baby-cribs—flannels—hot cakes and buttermilk," about which the crusty, fusty old bachelors know so little!—[JUN. ED.]

"In reading your flaming rhapsody, I could hardly resist the impulse to cry, 'fire!'—and I did actually run to the water tank with a vague purpose of plunging your red hot epistle into it. I am really alarmed to notice in you, such a tendency to combustion—it grieves me to remark that, like a blind kitten, you are ready to rush into the full blaze of woman's charms—scorching the paws of your imagination until it can't go straight. Women are perfect incendiaries—they kindle the coals in a fellow's heart and set his passions on fire—they commit arson upon his imagination, and burn up his reason and judgment.

"I warn you to let the girls alone! They are unbroken fillies—taking the bits between their teeth—prancing and jumping backwards if you draw the reins too tightly—now on one side of the traces, then on the other, and finally upsetting a fellow's apple-cart, breaking his peace, and spoiling his appetite. They are pullets, cackling, pluming their feathers, picking up the crumbs of flattery, crowding round the dough-dish of scandal, and in their old hen-hood clucking, laying the eggs of discord, hatching disturbances, picking at a man's happiness, roosting upon his fortune, and making him look ridiculous. They are cats—now fiery, now affectionate, then neither one thing nor another—now purring, then scratching—mousing after men's hearts—playing with him treacherously—now holding him tight—then easing away upon him, making him think he shall get away from her, when she doesn't mean that he shall, and, finally, munching and chewing up his energy, vigor, fortune, ambition, hope, gumption, and other necessities.

PUPPIIS, CATERVATIM FEMINAE incertis animis currunt—
which being translated means, that small dogs, cats and women are very uncertain animals!

"Again, I say, beware of women—don't venture within the attraction of their gravitation—drive them out of your enclosure—put up the bars, and keep them on the other side of the fence. Keep your thoughts at home, and not let them be straying and wandering off after the feminine genders. Don't let your mind go trotting off with Cupid on its back, for he will give it a hard sweat, and at last turn it out to graze in Venus' cow-pasture, where there is confounded short feed and nothing to drink. Never fall in love if you can avoid it. I never saw a man addicted to it who didn't have the liver-complaint, and it gives a man the dyspepsia—your lovers are never able to digest anything but moonshine. But the heart suffers most—love and jealousy are Siamese twins, as inseparable as Chang and Eng, and they play at foot-ball with the lover's heart, which, between them both, palpitates, and bounds, and re-bounds, and quivers until it is entirely used up. Sheep have small hearts, and so do those men who let their hearts try, and sieve, and scour upon the hot shrine of female beauty. When man fairly gets on the track after woman, his locomotive becomes unmanageable—if it cannot be stopped or checked, and it at length runs him into Matrimony, which is the English for *fauces Averni*. And then it is too late for him to

take the back track—he is within the walls and the gates are closed, and Death holds the keys, and to him must application be made for release. If you once get within these walls you are a prisoner—not for hope, for your case is hopeless—not on parole, for you have given yourself up to the enemy—not of Cupid, for the little rascal deserts you in this dilemma—but you are a prisoner bound and condemned—bound with a cord, silken it may be, but galling—condemned to imprisonment for life in the matrimonial Sing Sing—with but little inclination to sing either.

"Again, I say, keep away from the women—say unto them—*procul* Don't put your head into matrimony, for there are a great many bees in that hive, and each one has a sting—I have read an old saying that "he that licks honey from thorns pays too dear for it," and so a man who attempts to extract happiness from such thorns as dirty night-caps, baby cribs, yellow flannel, johnny cakes and buttermilk, get precious little honey, and pays dear for what he does get!"

Yours, truly, &c.,
Ohio Union.

THE ROYAL PLATE, KITCHEN GARDEN, &c.

The above are thus described by the editor of Smith's Weekly Volume, who is now travelling in England:—

After lunch, we went to visit the Queen's new kitchen garden, near Frogmore; Mr. Jesse's station admitted us where strangers cannot otherwise penetrate. *One hundred and sixty thousand dollars* have lately been expended on this new garden for royalty; the forcing houses are extensive; the glasses move by machinery like watch or clock work. We paced the superb graperies, pineries, peach and nectarine forcing-houses, and tasted fine specimens of the Queen's fruits; the Chasselas grapes and Prince Albert strawberries were certainly never exceeded for excellence.

On my observing that Dr. Brinckle, of Philadelphia, had solved that difficult problem in which European gardeners had failed, of hybridising the Alpine strawberry with the large cultivated kinds, and thus producing a perpetual bearer, the head-gardener, Mr. Ingram, expressed the strongest interest; said he had not succeeded in his various attempts, and begged that I would endeavor to forward him a few plants, in order that he might serve the royal table with this delicious fruit at unseasonable periods. I have promised for my friend Dr. B., that the Queen shall be gratified; she has already eaten canvass back ducks from America with gusto, from a parcel sent over to the late Granville Penn, who forwarded a portion to his neighbor at Windsor. I little thought, when going to England, that I could suggest any novelty for the Queen's table. By the frequency with which the subject was mentioned, I was impressed with its importance, and have written to Dr. Brinckle to induce him to fulfil my promise made in his name. *

From the library we went to the apartment called technically "the gold room;" it is this to which I wish to call your attention. I surveyed it leisurely, and I do not remember to have read a description of its contents, nor can I give even an outline of its various treasures; I commenced taking notes from the mouth of the custode, who with his various assistants is every day of the year fully employed in cleansing the plate, but he said it was contrary to orders to allow any notes to be taken. What memoranda I did make, and what I remember accurately, I will state, trusting that my letter will not be opened, and I convicted of treason.

To begin; the whole collection is valued at *twelve millions* of dollars! There are glass cases like a silversmith's shop, and behind the glass are the principal articles; would you believe that I there saw a dinner service of silver gilt of the most gorgeous kind, presented by the merchants of Liverpool, to the late William the Fourth, long before he was king, in reward for his advocacy of the slave trade? Believe it or not, there it is, with the inscription telling the tale.

There is a salver of an immense size, made from the gold snuff boxes alone of George the Fourth—the lids and inscriptions curiously preserved on the surface in a kind of mosaic of gold; its value fifty thousand dollars. Then you may see near it Nell Gwynn's bellows—the handles, nozzle, &c., of gold! the golden peacock inlaid with diamonds and rubies from Delhi—not as large as a pheasant, but valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; the footstool of Tippoo Saib, a solid gold lion with chrystal eyes, the value of its gold seventy-five thousand dollars; George the Fourth's celebrated golden candelabra for a dinner table, valued at fifty thousand dollars, so heavy that two men are required to lift each. Piles upon piles of golden plates, sufficient to dine 2 hundred and fifty persons, with ample changes, were spread about or in the cleaner's hands.

If this enumeration does not satisfy your aching vision, we will ask the custode, who seems *extremely* anxious, in the midst of so much treasure, and would evidently be glad to get rid of us, to open a long series of drawers. Here are 140 doz. each gold knives and forks of various patterns, of which he repeats the names; as "oak," stag," "George the Third," and so on. Another set of dressers!—what can they contain? Only 140 dozen each of gold table and tea spoons, all arranged in the most perfect order. Take another walk up and down the room, with glass cases on tables in the middle, filled with gorgeous gold, and try to impress some form of taste more elegant than another. It is in vain—memory only carries away a confused idea of riches, such as must have cost poor underground laborers lives of toil, and sweat, and pain, to procure, merely to pamper wealth and royalty; to do *no good*—to be almost as useless as it was in the mine, for it is rarely produced, and requires a host of human beings merely to keep it bright.

A little conversation with this king of the gold-room informed us that it was a poor time to see the plate, because fifty chests were removed to be used by the Queen at Buckingham Palace! He said it was an awful thing to have to get the plate out for a state dinner, it was so heavy; and the frequent changes made it a labor to the pages more onerous than the most over-tasked worker in iron. Mr. Jesse asked him if the recently inserted iron bars in a certain window had not relieved his mind from anxiety respecting robbers. He said it had; "but you know," added he, turning to me, "with so much plate, one could hardly sleep, when he knew one of the guards outside might be bribed at any time, the walls mounted, by means of ladders, and a great theft committed."

I could scarcely refrain from saying what I thought—that it would be a great blessing to many of the poor of England and Ireland, if the metal was put in circulation. Here, they do not think its being otherwise used than as it is, would do any good. Even the radical Joseph Hume does not begrudge it, he says: "Windsor and all its contents; the whole nation is proud of it—proud to have it shown to foreign royalty, and to boast that no other nation on the globe can make such an exhibition." Is it, or is it not, an empty boast?

THE MUSIC OF THE SANCTUARY.

BY THE EDITOR.—No. III.

Independently of all the considerations thus far adduced however, the mischief to be deplored in the isolation of the psalm, from the laity, and the introduction of the highly wrought music of the Mass, or the occasional Motett, was that it took from the general portion of the worshippers a large and interesting part of devotional duties, and threw them into a kind of inferior position. Of this the Reformers were abundantly sensible and it was one of their earliest cares to amend it, in the reformed Liturgy. In particular John Huss who before the end of the fourteenth century contended for the propriety of celebrating the Church service in the vulgar tongue; also Luther, Calvin, De Beze, Marot, and others, zealously prosecuted the same design; versions of the Psalms were made, Marot preparing the first fifty, and De Beze, or Beza as he is most commonly called, performing the task on the remaining hundred. At this time too the improvements took place in the melodies of the Psalms, the new versions being supplied with compositions from Luther himself, who was not only an excellent musician, but deeply impressed with the beauty of fine music when applied to the service of the Temple. Goudimel, a Frenchman, Le Jeune—also a Frenchman, and the celebrated Sternhold—remarkable for his quaint and ungainly paraphrase of the psalms in conjunction with Hopkins—were among the early composers of the times which succeeded the Ambrosian chant; and thus a highly important part of public worship became established in the reformed Christian church.

It is truly difficult to conceive how Calvin, a pious man, a sensible man, one also desirous of restoring Church Music to the people, should have so sternly refused his sanction to musical instruments as auxiliaries, and even to object to the introduction of harmony or counterpoint in vocalism itself. With respect to the former he had the example of all antiquity, and had even inspired authority for its use; with regard to the latter he could not deny that improvement in music results from the exercise of the faculties, and how can they be better exercised than towards "the praise and glory of God." Be that as it might, the stern reformer was inexorable in the case, and, for long after his own days on earth no other music was heard, in the Calvinistic places of worship, than simple melodies sung in unison. It still continues to be the case in Scotland, where the more severe of that body speak of the Organ with disdain or with indignation as "a kist of whistles." Many of the Psalm tunes which are called in our present psalm-books by the names of places or of persons, are of the early reformed compositions, and are beautiful specimens both of melody and of the round, full, and quaint harmony so admirably suitable to their purpose. The old 100th is one of them, and is well known, we do believe, to all the Christian community; this psalm tune is frequently attributed to Luther, but it is in reality by Le Jeune, although the original mode of measuring the notes of it was different from that which is now employed. For splendour of harmony, however, we do not know any psalm comparable to that of the old 104th, or Brady and Tate's version of the 149th. It is by Handel, and is a master piece of beauty and skill.

It is not improbable that Calvin was fearful of turning the attention of the people from the devotional purpose of the psalm, to the gratification of the senses, and was desirous of checking the progress of mere sensual delight. People do sometimes get to extremes, and if Calvin did so in this instance, he is well matched by a modern divine who travelled quite as far the other way, and who, in all probability, has thereby greatly impaired the grand simplicity of Church music, whilst he was conscientiously endeavouring his utmost to encourage its cultivation and improvement. I allude to the late reverend but eccentric Rowland Hill, whose ear was exquisitely alive to musical effects, yet wanting perhaps something of that discriminating taste which considers appropriateness. It was a frequent saying with him that "he did not see why the Devil should monopolise all the good tunes," and finally he resolved that his own chapel and his own congregation should have a share of them. Accordingly he had versions of the Psalms, and numerous Hymns composed, the metres of which were suitable to the most popular melodies of the modern time, in secular music; and people began to become familiar with the association of compositions to which they had listened in the Theatres, the Concerts, or the drawing-room, mixed up with the services of the Temple of God. Thus divine worship was effectually robbed of its devotional feelings, and insignificant warblings took place of heartfelt emotions. Some portion of this bad taste, we regret to perceive had found its way across the Atlantic, but it was diminished in strength, and was apparently not very highly estimated. At present, as we are glad to observe, it has all but expired among us; for although the melodies chosen may be sweet in themselves they savour not of that grand simplicity and solemnity which properly belongs to the psalm, and instead of assisting our aspirations upwards towards the foot of the Throne of Grace, they serve rather to drag us back to earth again. Mr. Hill deserves full credit for pious sincerity, but we are compelled to disparage his character for taste, and his judgment,—hercina at least,—in promoting the true worship of God.

We have still to consider the *Anthem*, a grand species of Church music which has sprung from a much more lowly beginning, being originally only a portion of Scripture set to music, and sung in the manner of the antiphony in a choir. From the time of the reformation however, it became a distinct part of the ritual in Cathedral churches, and it is marked as such in the Rubric of the English Episcopal liturgy. Masters of the highest talent and taste have employed themselves in composing them, and where we mention such names as those of Tallis, Birde, Gibbons, Blow, Purcell, Clark, Boyce, Croft, Green, Kent and others of that calibre, we believe it will be admitted that so lofty an occupation has fallen upon worthy hands. The singing of anthems, nevertheless,

has seldom been attempted in any but collegiate and diocesan churches, royal chapels, and places of worship where considerable funds were available, as they require frequently great musical force to be performed effectively. They are, however, in the vernacular, and there are not a few so simple in their structure as to come completely within the power of the choirs at any Parish church. In particular we have observed that the churches in this city are much more amply and effectively provided with choirs, and the congregations themselves have a more intimate acquaintance with church music than have commonly been found in the Parish churches in England,—or even in London itself;—and here we have occasionally,—we regret to say but too seldom,—heard the anthem introduced. Surely there could be no difficulty in selecting a sufficient number of these comparatively simple anthems, and have them formed into a collection applicable to the different especial celebrations of the church, or chosen for service, at the discretion of the officiating minister.

It is lamentably observable how exceedingly cold the mass of *Christians* are, with regard to their religious duties. We say *Christians* with more particular emphasis because, whilst all other religious duties are chiefly those of form, those of Christianity have their spring in the heart. When the Mahometan goes punctually through the prescribed times of prayer, performs his ablutions, attends to the restrictions imposed, performs the great pilgrimage, or pays the usual penalty instead, and curses and reviles the Jews and the Christians, he considers himself a good Mussulman, and the religious part of his conscience is at ease. In like manner, the Jew, when he has complied with the observances laid down in the Levitical law, with the modifications, and additions which the traditions of his nation have sanctified to him, he also is satisfied that his religious obligations are fulfilled and he rests contented on that score. Without multiplying our remarks on this head, by allusion to other religions not yet mentioned, let us return to our own, and reflect that we believe or ought to believe that the whole human race is morally dead in trespasses and sins, from which there can be no remission through thoughts, words, or deeds of our own, "seeing that our very excellences are but filthy rags," but that God himself, in his infinite mercy has opened to sinful man a way to escape from the wrath to come, namely by faith in the Son of God crucified for our sins,—by sincere repentance for our misdeeds,—and by walking according to the holy precepts which the blessed Redeemer has been pleased to impart for our guidance. Mankind are, however, for the most part both stubborn and indolent with regard to their spiritual concerns, and, what is worse, in the slight examinations which they do make into their own hearts, they are apt to put a favorable gloss upon much that they find there, to palliate largely that which in their secret souls they cannot entirely approve, and to shut from their sight and reflection that which they cannot bear to examine. The pure doctrine of Christianity which abhors evil thoughts as well as evil actions,—which tells us to "rend our hearts, and not our garments,"—which demands of us to make clean the inside of the cup or of the platter,—this doctrine which dashes to the ground the idol of each mortal's affections and requires of him to mortify himself in his own eyes, is too frequently more than human vanity can bear. To avoid unpleasant reflections we become careless worshippers; and, as the mind is ever active whilst life is in the body, we take shelter from such reflections by those of a worldly and more welcome character, we gradually arrive at the sophistical conclusion that we are about as good as our neighbours, and we pass through the formalities of the House of God, forgetful that, however plausible we may appear in the sight of man, there is an Eye which can pierce through the deceit, and a God who will not be mocked.

It is this unhappy tendency to indifference in holy things, so inherent in our corrupt nature, that requires vigilance in the watching, and judicious means for preventing. To this end we are persuaded that a due admixture of appropriate musical service with that which is merely spoken, will very materially tend. We suspect that the earliest reformers, with that zeal which commonly is the companion and cause of reform, did in the first instance overstep prudent bounds, when, upon the abolition of the service of the Mass, they took away so large a portion of their church musical service, without giving a full equivalent; and notwithstanding the love of music with which Luther himself was imbued, it would require all his care and energy to prevent the running into the opposite extreme. The psalms doubtless aided much, and the anthem in Cathedral choirs not a little. The introduction of the Hymn also is an agreeable and, generally but not always, appropriate variety. But, we would venture to suggest, although deprecating the idea that we would presume to interfere with either the discipline or the ritual arrangements of the church, that there are still important additions to be made, which would be at once helps to piety, an agreeable exercise of a sacred duty, a material assistance in the attainment of a branch of education now no longer considered superfluous, and would tend in a high degree to the physical health of the community. These are to be found in the study and practice of singing in schools, of every denomination, and in private families or little societies in every condition of the community. There is nothing in the vocal music of the Reformed church that is not attainable with very moderate pains, and that being the case it becomes almost a reprehensible matter not to find it so. It will be found but a small expense, among the opulent, to have their families trained to the practice of singing the usual chants, hymns and psalms, in parts, according to the qualities of their several voices, and to the score of the music used in their churches; nor would it be found either a hard or a troublesome operation to make them familiar with the anthems of Kent, Green, Boyce, or others. Thus enabling them to fill the house of God with sounds exclusively devoted to His Divine Majesty and Goodness. Nor should even the children of the poor be left behind in so holy a path. Surely it would be but a little cost to the rich portion of congregations to pro-

vide at their general cost a competent teacher, to give occasional lessons in Public schools, Sunday schools, and the like, in the Music of the Sanctuary. We have listened to the exhortations of more than one or two learned and pious ministers of the Gospel on this head, and our conviction has always gone along with theirs, that the singing part of the church belonged to the congregation at large, but was left imperfect because there had been no preparation for its due performance. Considered with regard to the salubrity of the exercise it is admitted that there is not anything more easy of performance, more agreeable in operation, or more useful in strengthening the physical system. In many English churches a vicious practice still prevails, though now perhaps it is somewhat declining, of playing a Voluntary either at the first or second lesson of the service. It is an aimless, pointless, and useless performance, neither elevating the thoughts, nor purifying them; but the Voluntary played whilst the minister enters his place, and looks out the portion of the service, is of great utility when judiciously constructed. It settles the bustle of entrance, and is a note of preparation for the holy things which ensue. Nor ought we to pass without satisfactory remark the music at the dismissal of the congregation, as it has the effect of causing the assembled people to depart from the holy Temple with decent and reverential feeling, and carries that feeling along with them to their several homes.

Yet would we again express the wish that the Sanctuary could have selections of anthems, suitable for particular seasons and considered in the same light in the church service as the metrical psalms. They could be sung most effectively when picked out by the officiating minister, specially for the day.

But besides these, we have one or two suggestions more to offer and shall then conclude this subject. We have yet said nothing about Oratorios and Sacred Dramas, because they bear but an indirect relation to church service; sometimes they are but connected with certain incidents of Sacred history, and sometimes with nothing nearer than apocryphal accounts. But there is one—one—the glory of music, sublime in its subject, and unequalled in expression which may well supply an occasional introduction upon a high and special commemoration. It is the Oratorio of the *MESIAH* by Handel, abounding in majestic and applicable strains. For instance, what could be more appropriate in the season of Advent than the “*Comfort ye my people*,” indicative of the blessed period when Christ should be “*manifest in the Flesh*.” To this might be added either the grand chorus, or the music played as a parting voluntary of “*His name shall be called wonderful! Counsellor! The mighty God! The everlasting Saviour! The Prince of Peace!*” Between Christmas and Easter, could we not have “*He was despised and rejected of men,—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief*,” or the affecting assurance “*Thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor didst thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption*.” During the remaining part of the year could we not have some of the Divine attributes of the Saviour pointed out at intervals? Of his power, such as “*But who may abide the day of his coming?*” of his tender care, as “*He shall feed his flock like a shepherd*,” and various others, all of which tend to make us acquainted with those blessed characteristics of the Saviour, for which we have such ample reason to break out in praise and adoration.

We may now bring our remarks to their close, except that we would point out the advantage which is sometimes derived from any musical composition of a mild and composing character, to be sung at the end of a sermon and before the benediction. We are speaking from personal experience; and that in the consequence of an ultra-sensitive feeling for everything of a musical nature; we may therefore be apt to draw extravagant conclusions. But we are well persuaded that a hymn, the melody of which speaks composure of mind, is an admirable help to that holy and contemplative mood, which is best befitting the mind on concluding the devotions of the time.

PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20, 1845.

Your paper appears to be designed, as would be inferred from the title, to unite the people of England and the States in bonds of reciprocal social intercourse.

Association with the world will prove that the highly intelligent and opulent of all countries are closely assimilated in their emotions and habits; and liberal alike in their sentiments. It cannot be denied, however, that for a few years past a prejudice has arisen with those who may be termed the working classes in this country, and an envy towards the people of England particularly, on the part of those who have not acquired a high order of intelligence or possessed those facilities for observation so essential to the adoption of liberal and enlightened policy. It is desirable that the rancorous spirit which has been manifested against the inhabitants of the old world who have sought this land of the free to escape from the various burdens incident to human existence, will no longer act as a consuming fire to destroy that mutual love and affection which should connect the whole human family in one brotherhood of sympathy and good will, irrespective of country or religion.

There are no people on earth more migratory than our own Eastern people, and none more susceptible to the insolence of the rich, scorn of the proud, or malice of the uncharitable. If we were to go to the ends of the earth we would find a native of some of the New England States. “*Il est comme l'oiseau sur la branche.*” Let us prove then that we are disposed, hereafter, through the columns of the Anglo American, to verify those constitutional declarations which we have placed before the world in the formation of our government. I attended a meeting at the Tabernacle, in the city of New York, on Monday evening last, which was called, professedly, to present the reports from various committees of the Bible Society. After the reports were read the

meeting was addressed by several speakers, who, after cautiously adopting the benign principles of love and charity, detailed the miseries of the people in the old countries—attributed their distresses to papal influences, and attacked indiscriminately all those who have in obedience to the promptings of conscience embraced the Catholic religion. Would it not be better for those gentlemen, rather than turn such an occasion into a religious-political meeting to call public meetings and invite free discussion upon the relative tendencies of Protestant and Catholic faith. For several thousand years rapine and carnage have been attendant upon every religious persecution. If we differ with our brother in conscientious opinions—if we feel that he is straying from the appointed laws of God, let us be ever mindful that “*tie misericordia leads the wanderer back,*” and alone tells upon the hearts of men. That Power which guides our destiny whether for weal or for woe is not alike developed to the understanding of all, and until it is let us all bow in humble obedience to its will, acknowledging our utter ignorance, being ever mindful of each other's infirmities, shunning evil and striving to do good. It would be well for those gentlemen to obtain a work of Socrian ethics entitled *Alamontade*, just issued from the press, and translated by J. T. S. Sullivan, Esq., of this city. It is from the German of Zochokke, and has for its object the teaching of virtue.

The movements in our musical circles will have a happy tendency to harmonise those into good fellowship with each other, whose minds and prejudices, occasionally, run riotous with the better feelings of the heart. The Sacred Music Society at New York, with the worthy gentlemen at its head, is doing a vast deal of good. There is no better way of softening the asperities of mankind than to sing them into good humour. A sweet song has brought many a sweet smile, and gladdened the heart, too, of the poor man, “*whose life is misery, and fear, and care.*”

Our Musical Fund Hall is destitute of any drawing-room for ladies and gentlemen who sing there. It is disgraceful to those who have the management of the Hall and of the Society that they should so far neglect what is due to common decency that not a carpet, a cushion, or a clean chair is provided for the comfort of those who take part in the concerts. One of the German cattle cribs from the neighbouring farms would be far preferable to the miserable hole-in-the-wall which is set apart for a drawing-room. They should visit your elegantly arranged Colliseum, where every comfort is provided for the audience; and those who take part in the Concerts may retire to a comfortable parlor.

A concert was given here on Thursday evening last for the benefit of the poor, furnishing to them upwards of one thousand dollars, at which Ole Bull and Mr Dusfield appeared without compensation. The delight which every one present evinced, and the hearty applause given Ole Bull, was evidence that there has been no abatement of that enthusiasm with which he was first received when he came into the country. From a bouquet that was thrown him he plucked a flower and adopting the appropriate motto “*En la rose je fleuris*,” he made his last appearance, and played “*POLACCA GUERRERA*,” a piece composed by himself, and retired amidst an overwhelming response of the audience.

Miss Northall, of New York, appeared the second time in this city. She sang “*The Grecian Daughter*,” and “*The Spell is broken*” as sweetly as usual. She was rapturously applauded. Miss Northall has been pronounced, by the best critics here, as the most delightful vocalist of the day. If Miss Northall did not by her chaste and elegant simplicity of manner—sweetness, clearness, and power of voice—so tastefully managed, reach the hearts of all present, I can answer for some who imbibed so pleasing a remembrance that they would tremble to hear “*The Spell is broken*,” that bound them there that night. In truth it may be said that Miss N. is *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* That lady, too, was impelled by a kindness of heart, to come to this city, at much sacrifice, to sing upon the occasion, and although an audience of 1400 people were drawn together for so commendable an object—those parties volunteering their services—without compensation with the exception of possibly their travelling expenses, not a press was prompted by common courtesy to notice the concert that had taken place, or to offer grateful acknowledgement to those who were feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and who should no more be expected, in common justice, to bestow their time and money for public relief than any other person in any other profession or business.

Can it be that an unadjusted contract, existing between Burton and Ole Bull (now a matter of litigation which the public have no business with,) has caused that silence and want of courtesy to award justice where it is due—not only that, but an organized system of attack has sprung up, to which the Philadelphia press lends itself, implicating Ole Bull in grossly dishonorable conduct. I can assure you from what I know of Ole Bull, from the most respectable and reliable sources, he is incapable of an ungenerous, much less an unjust act, against any man; whatever may be trumped up against him, on this occasion to the contrary notwithstanding.

At the various meetings, held for effecting the abolition of Capital Punishment, there were immense numbers in attendance—generally about 1500 persons.

The abolition movement urged on under various forms, by compensationists, disunionists, and liberty party, is rapidly gaining strength in this city.

Believing that it is the province of all public journalists to keep the public informed of such projects as tend to benefit or injure the masses, I shall endeavour to furnish a synopsis of passing events—those only, however, which do not encroach upon private affairs.

Much is said of the wealth of the State of Pennsylvania. With all her boasted wealth, it does not benefit her condition, and can only enrich her when rendered available. Do urge upon the people of the State of New York, as

well as those connected with the Erie Railroad, the importance of penetrating our Coal and Iron regions, that the mines may be worked, and greater facilities afforded by increased outlets to desirable markets. The Legislature of this State will soon be aware of the importance of granting a free right of way.

Active exertions are making for constructing a Railroad from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. Considering the magnitude of the undertaking, and the condition of the resources of the State, it would be hazardous much to give an opinion upon the expediency of the work, before a careful examination.

Maryland, in her beggarly condition, groaning under a heavy debt, and cursed with imprisonment for debt laws—with limited resources at best, lying in contiguity with the most powerful and free States in the Union, is scarcely worth consideration, when seeking markets for our produce.

The crippled condition of Pennsylvania is not surprising when we consider that one third of her revenue, as is shown by a report of the revenue commissioners, is yearly filched from her treasury by patriotic politicians, who also exercise a fatherly care as "Guardians of the Poor" dissipating the funds of an institution erected for their relief, and almost totally extinguishing the funds of another designed for the protection and education of orphan children.

The proprietors of the Camden and Amboy Railroads, and the New Jersey Railroad, are doing all for the public convenience that could be demanded considering the great expense attendant upon Railroads and Steamboats. They arrange their hours for starting, accommodating themselves to the requirements of travellers and the press; giving meals on their boats, constructing new boats and making such additions and improvements as give additional comforts. With prompt, efficient, and obliging managers, such as Mr. Gamble to conduct their passengers through the route, every one may feel at ease.

In regard to the evils that are inflicted upon this state by the corrupt administration of her government I trust that I may be able to speak without reserve, with truth for my guide.

FIAT LUX.

Minute Attention.—The minuteness with which Leopold Mozart stores up and answers all the points in his son's letter, cannot fail to attract attention. It was a matter that cost him some trouble and arrangement; which he describes to his son in this way—"I should forget a hundred things that I wish to write to you about, if I were not to make brief memoranda on a sheet of paper, which I especially reserve for that purpose. When anything strikes me which it is desirable to communicate to you, I note it down in a few words; and when I write to you, I take this sheet of paper, and first extract the novelties, then read your last letter through, and reply to it. You might do the same. I strike my pen through such memoranda as are the subject of my letter, and reserve those which are left for the next occasion. And you, my dear wife, must put the lines closer together in writing:—you see how I do it."

Life of Mozart.

DIED.—On the 15th instant, WILLIAM EDWARD BURGESS, eldest son of Wesley and Mary Burgess, aged 6 years and 11 days.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 83 4 a 9 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1845.

The steamship Massachusetts, Captain White, which left Liverpool on the 22d of October, put into Holmes' Hole on Wednesday, in consequence of the sickness of the Captain.

The Holmes' Hole correspondent of the Merchants' Exchange, Boston, states that "the Massachusetts, in coming over the Shoals, on Tuesday, struck on Nantucket Point Rip, and threw over about 50 bags of salt, when she came off. At 5 P. M. she ran ashore two miles to eastwards of Holmes' Hole, or Squash Meadow Shoal, and after discharging into lighters, was got off without damage."

The money market in London had experienced a check, and was tending downwards, on account of the alleged misunderstanding between Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. At least, that was the nominal cause Consols were quoted on the 21st as low as 96 5 8 to 96 7 8—not having been for several years before marked under 97.

In the Liverpool cotton market for the week ending October 21, there had been a slight increase in the demand, but without alteration in the price. Sales for the week, 20,000 bales. Imports, 143,987 bags.

In the grain market there had been a general rise in the price of most articles of trade. The arrivals at Liverpool for the week ending Oct. 20, amounted to 14,000 bbls. of Canadian flour, 6000 quarters of wheat from the United States.

Accounts of the state of trade in the manufacturing districts in England, show a considerable falling off from the average amount of business. The unexpected decline is attributed to the unfavourable conclusion of the harvest.

The mania for railway speculation in England continued undiminished.

There is a report that the Prince de Joinville is again to proceed to the coast of Morocco, with a squadron of ships of war, to protect the subjects of France, and to overawe the government of Morocco.

The Liverpool Standard states that a meeting of the directors of the leading railway companies is about to be held, for the purpose of considering the best means of checking unhealthy speculation in shares of questionable companies, and upholding the character of those which are legitimate.

Mr. O'Connell attended a great gathering of the Repealers at Mayo, on Sunday, Oct. 10th. It is stated that 80,000 persons were present, in spite of a great deluge of rain.

The accounts of the ravages of the potato disease in Ireland are no more

favorable. At least a fifth of the crop it is apprehended will be lost. In Scotland the disease has been more extensive than was at first apprehended. The disease was spreading more and more in Denmark, and likewise in Sweden. One good effect has resulted from this evil. The Dublin distillers, in consequence of the failure of the potato crop, have advanced considerably in the price of whiskey.

The greatest activity exists in the south of France in preparing for the embarkation of the army of 20,000 men, which is to proceed to Oran, in the western part of Algeria, to hunt down the brave Abd el Kader. The troops are to be conveyed to Africa in the steam frigate Labrador, Orenogue, Albatross, Montezuma, Panama, Asmodie, and Gower.

Accounts from New Zealand to the 17th of May tend to show the unsettled and dangerous state of things in that country. They furnish some details of further operations, directed principally against a strong hold in the possession of a rebel chief, John Heki, which however, do not seem to have been successful, although serious loss of life is said to have been the result to Heki's followers, amounting by one account to 200 men killed. On the English side the loss is stated at 11 killed and 37 wounded. The account states that the boats of two of the English ships had landed and burnt five villages belonging to Heki. The position of the natives was a very strong one, and very obstinately maintained. After the action, the whole of the parties engaged, with the wounded, were embarked and returned to Auckland.

The Boston Traveller of Thursday afternoon, states that the steamship Britannia was telegraphed at ten minutes before 2 o'clock, P. M., 18 miles distant from the outer station, and that she would probably reach Boston by half past 4 or 5 o'clock. She did not, however, reach the city in time for the afternoon train for this city.

The Britannia brings dates to the 4th instant, thirteen days later than the news brought by the Massachusetts.

It is really a matter much to be lamented that the bandying of words on the Oregon question is kept up with such furious heat. Surely, as a common-sense line of proceeding, it might be prudent to let the affair rest until the meeting of Congress, as that is now so close at hand. Let the public digest what they have already received, and do not cram them *ad nauseam*; they will be all the better for a short temporary repose.

In fact there is one thing advanced by "The Union," which actually requires to be considered, and not to be thrown aside for fresh matter; it is this, that the United States having a clear and unquestionable right to the whole of Oregon, as is asserted in that Journal, should yet be ready to give a portion, say from the 49th parallel, to another rich and powerful nation having *no right at all* to the territory, as is also inserted in the same journal. This is a specimen of peace-loving, benevolence, liberality, and magnanimity, which in the present age of the world passes our understanding. We are living in a *quid pro quo* world, or what is worse, a period when nations and individuals are endeavouring to get as much and part with as little, as possible, and therefore it is difficult for those who do not see the working machinery to comprehend the nature of the operation.

But the time is now so close at hand whom the mechanism will be thrown open to view, that we may as well follow our own advice, and be quiet on the subject until the new lights are thrown upon it.

A QUERY.—At the late musical convention, several weeks ago, a Committee of twenty-one was appointed to make certain enquiries, considerations, and reports; can any of our musical friends inform us how the matters left to that committee are proceeding?

THE SCOTTISH GUARD BALL.—The Scottish Guard will give their Second Annual Ball, at Niblo's Saloon, Dec. 2nd. From the great satisfaction this Ball of last year, gave, and the excellent arrangements which we understand have already been made, we doubt not this Ball will be most recherché.

MR. FLETCHER WEBSTER'S LECTURES ON CHINA.

Conclusion.

From their isolated geographical position, and their peculiarly severe exclusiveness, there can be no wonder that the Chinese, in their habits, should in so many respects differ from the rest of the world. Yet the under current of all these sufficiently designates the source from which they have originally flowed, and greatly helps to trace the course of the earliest migrations.

In performing the rites of hospitality the Chinese have a custom which in fact is but an extravagant exaggeration of what has much fallen into disuse though not yet utterly exploded in Europe and here. They are not contented to press their guests to eat and drink, but, seizing upon the most savory morsels with their chop-sticks they actually force them down the throats of those whom they honour. It is not half a century back that the master of a feast would have been deemed niggardly, shabby, and inhospitable, if he did not force, as far as words on one side, and civil compliance on the other could force, the guests to continue eating after their appetites were satisfied, and to drink long after their notions of moderation had hinted "enough"; and, truth to say the European barbarism was but a step higher than that of the Chinese.

Another complimentary custom of the Chinese is that of vehement admiration of the clothes and ornaments of all and each of the company. They carry their notions of dress to an extravagant degree; the most costly materials, the most splendid embroideries, the most delicate tissues, the most valuable stones, diamonds, &c. are in demand according to the means of the wearers. Rank and precedence are marked partly by the costume partly by

the buttons, the last being always composed of precious stones of distinctive colours, and appropriate to particular grades. All this love and admiration of dress manifestly springs from the vanity which exclusiveness nourishes. In allusion to the hieroglyphic foundation of the Chinese written characters, Mr. Webster observed that the word "government" or that which is used for it in China, is composed of two characters severally representing a bamboo, and the act of striking. [So that in the opinion of the Chinese, the government of the rod is the acme of perfection in magistracy; and their notion and that of Solomon, who says "Whoso spareth the rod spoileth the child" may be derived from the same source; and it is yet a moot point whether it be judicious invariably to refrain from castigation, even of the most refractory children.]

Beggars abound in China, and many of them are of a very sturdy description. They are not considered vagabonds or nuisances in law, consequently they are tolerably successful in gaining their end, that of obtaining an alms. It requires not only determination but perseverance to get rid of beggars in China, for they will stop at a house and make all kinds of noises and distortions in hopes to weary out the patience of those to whom they make application, and be well paid for going away. They will even lie down and rest after fatiguing themselves thus, and rise up and re-commence, and woe to the giver if he be at length prevailed upon to submit and bestow; he will be infested henceforth. In fact the master of the house, or the shopkeeper—for the latter character is chiefly assailed thus—must continue to bear the infliction unmoved, and endeavour to tire out the beggar, who after all must give in, seeing that he is unprofitably engaged. The Chinese have not as yet attained to any plan for the amendment of this social annoyance, yet the immense population of China, which still increases, ought long ago to have created some suggestion on the subject.

It is a consequence of this dense population that the agricultural labors in China are nearly all manual. The wants of such a community preclude the application of crops to the maintenance of the inferior animals. The principal if not the sole exception to this arises from the necessity of using the buffalo in ploughing rice grounds; but there are not any pleasure carriages drawn by beasts, burthens are all carried by hand, and even the cow is a scarce animal in China. [Chinese industry in the cultivation of land has long been proverbial, and the people will seek out every available spot, so great are their necessities, and so inadequate is the supply of food. Not unfrequently they are let down from the tops of precipices many feet, so as to get a piece of cultivable patch projecting out a few square yards in area.]

During the late hostilities between the British and the Chinese the "Barbarians" derived not a little merriment from both the mock fortifications and from those which were intended to be real. The Chinese in fact know nothing of the principles of fortification: but then they have not hitherto had much occasion for that knowledge.

The two lectures of Mr. F. Webster were far from being sufficient to exhaust his collection of facts, or the amount of his very judicious observations, yet he managed well to get briefly over a great deal of ground. The conclusion of his second lecture was, however, so very abrupt that we were led to hope he had resolved to pursue the subject in future discourses until he should run up a general summary. In this we have been disappointed, but probably the gentleman will embody his notes in one distinct publication, and surely it would be very acceptable to the public. We shall not conclude without giving a specimen, in nearly the lecturer's own words, of a Chinese Official Interview. It is graphic, interesting and yet humorous.

"FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT."

It was announced to the minister that a letter from Gori Ching, containing an imperial edict, was about to be brought to him, by four high officers from Canton. The correspondence had been carried on between the Minister and Ching for some time, when this announcement was made. Everything was prepared for the reception of this first official visit from high Chinese functionaries, and we awaited their arrival. After a while a discordant noise, accompanied by loud cries at intervals, was heard, and we looked from the blinds of the verandah, to see the approach of our visitors. Two ill-looking fellows, with wire caps on their heads—one of them with a whip, and the other with an axe in his hand—led the procession. These were the executioners, who always precede a high officer. Next came a score of poorly dressed and very dirty soldiers, with spears, and shields, and halberds. Then a man or two on wretched ponies, whose hair stood out in all directions, and whose manes and tails were ignorant of brush or currycomb; then the band of music, and then the sedan chairs of the great men themselves. They were four in number, all large and fine looking persons, dressed in light colored crape gowns, fastened round their waists by blue girdles, and buckles of precious stones. We stood up to receive them with our hats on, for it is Chinese etiquette to be covered, as a mark of respect. They entered with their caps on, displaying their red and blue buttons and peacock's feathers. The button is fastened to the top of the cap, and the feather hangs down behind. They approached, shook their own hands at us, and the chief among them presented the letter to the Minister. On receiving it, he motioned to them to be seated, and take off their caps; which, observing carefully our own movements, and keeping exact time with us, they did.—One of the interpreters now read the letter, and after a short interval of silence, such sort of conversation as can be carried on by means of interpreters, and looks, and signs, took place. The first civility was, on their part, asking our names; this information being given and reciprocated, they proceeded to shock our notions of good breeding by asking our ages! This, however, is an indispensable attention; we returned it at once, and were of course much edified at our information. After a few minutes' conversation, a luncheon, in

the Chinese style, was announced and we entered the dining room; our guests, according to Chinese etiquette, seated on the left, which, with them, is the place of honor. Chop-sticks had been provided for all of us, and we made our first experiments with them, to the unrestrained amusement of our guests. They showed little inclination to eat, but a decided taste for the barbarian liquors, champagne and cherry bounce. (A very red faced gentleman, whom we afterwards saw very frequently, a Mantchoo Tartar, by name Tung Lin, disposed of half a dozen tumblers of bounce, in as many minutes.) We were astonished by the very loud tone of their voices; it must have been easy to have heard in the street every thing said by them. As it is a point of politeness to empty one's glass, whenever drinking with a friend—and they each drank with all of us—they became, gradually, as elevated as their voices. Civilities were now exchanged with the greatest urbanity. Unavoidable was one we would have gladly dispensed with. It is the fashion for every one to help himself with his own chop-sticks from any dish on the table which he can reach; and when he feels desirous of offering a testimonial of particular regard, as well as respect, he reaches out and seizes something with his own chop-sticks, and motioning to the individuals for whom he designs the favor to open his mouth, puts the morsel, whatever it is, between his teeth. As they are not particularly nice in their eating, and their teeth are by no means pearls, we would have pardoned the omission of this attention. It was, however, not to be escaped; all that was left us, was retaliation, which we immediately practised. After an hour at table, of shouting conversation on their part, and of "nods and becks and wreathed smiles on ours," we rose and moved to the verandah, where a new series of delicate attentions surprised us. They had made us tell our ages, entered with their caps on, shaking their own hands, sat on our left, fed us with their own chop sticks; and now they commenced to examine our apparel, piece by piece—cravat, coat, waistcoat, shirt-bosom, trousers, sword-belt, gloves, all in turn were inspected. Fortunately, our good genius, Dr. Parker, told us this was the very acme of politeness, and to be imitated without delay. Nothing was more agreeable to us, who had with great patience and suavity, shown our hats and swords and coats; and we began to scrutinize their dress and ornaments. We examined their caps and buttons, and peacock feathers; their little embroidered bags, which with fan-cases and snuff boxes, they hang from their girdles; their thumb rings of agate, their silken girdles, and jewelled buckles. One of them, Tung Lin, a Tartar, made himself merry with a sword-belt belonging to one of us. He put it on to show how much too small it was, strutted up and down to show us his portly figure, struck his full chest, and told us in a voice of thunder that he was a Mantchoo—he then seized my hand and squeezed it, to show his strength. He was a terror-spreading Tartar General! (My own, however, being much the larger, for both Tartars and Chinese have remarkably small and delicate hands, he did not make such an impression as he anticipated) After two hours of intellectual intercourse of this sort, our friends retired. The procession re-formed, gongs beat and pipes squealed, the executioners yelled, the little ponies were pulled between their riders, legs, and we were left to reflect upon Chinese men and manners."

Music and Musical Intelligence.

MISS BRAMSON'S CONCERT, AT NIBLO'S SALOON.—Our M.S. report of this got mislaid last week, and were it not that we desire to put on record the excellent performance of Miss Bramson and of her sister, (a child of 7 years old,) we should gladly refrain from alluding to it now; the rest of the concert was of an indifferent character, and it was not a little spoiled by the Pianoforte being a full semitone below the rest of the instruments.

CONCERTS TO COME—A host of these are in quick succession. *Imprimis*, the *Concert of Concerts*, that of the Philharmonic Society will take place this evening at the Apollo Saloon;—we need say no more on that head. 2dly The admirable Templeton will give a Musical Soirée at the Tabernacle, on Monday evening next, being the only one for some time, as he is on his way to the South. (By the bye, he intends *en passant*, to give one in Brooklyn, and one in Newark, during the week.) 3dly The celebrated Oratorio of "St. Paul," by Mendelssohn, will be performed at the Tabernacle, on Thursday evening next, Mr. Loder conducting, and Mr. Timm presiding at the Organ. We commend to our readers the several advertisements of these musical treats, they will be found in the proper columns of our journal, to-day.

* * * **HANDEL'S ORATORIO OF "SAMSON."**—This splendid composition was performed last evening, by the New York Sacred Music Society. We must defer our remarks upon it until next week.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The principal feature at this theatre at present is opera, and we regret to say that it is an utter failure. Perhaps in the whole range of operatic compositions not one could have been selected to which the present operatic corps is less competent to do justice; and we think the judgment and experience of Mr. Lacy ought to have dictated to him that the "Lucia di Lammermoor" required much more than the ordinary acquirements of even the best vocalists. If we read the score aright it seems to us that Donizetti has taken most anxious pains to suit the genius of the music to the sentiment of the libretto, and that both in the vocalism and in the instrumentation every passage is a study requiring both professional skill and intellectual perception. It follows, therefore that the "Lucia" is beyond the powers of what might be called a tolerable strength, and that none but very first-rate artists ought to attempt it. We sat through the entire performance on the first night (Monday); it was a

hard task and at the conclusion we had a lingering hope that it would be withdrawn, as we could perceive that it compromised the professional reputation of those concerned in it;—but no, it was repeated on the following night, and we are left to the unpleasant duty of giving it—as a performance—our most unqualified condemnation. It is really not worth while to go into a lengthened criticism where there is so much to condemn and so little to praise, nor to name names of artists who have in other cases been successful, but we would strongly recommend that opera seria, with the present cast, be used more sparingly and that middle or comic opera be occasionally substituted. In speaking, above, of *unqualified* condemnation, we do not include the orchestra, for all the instrumentation was done with admirable precision and good taste, and actually put the vocalism to shame. The bills announce the preparation of "Der Freischütz" and "The Maid of Judah," both well established favorites.

BOWERY THEATRE.—We last week announced the coming benefit of Mr. Trimble the builder of this spacious house. He might have made it much larger, and even then it would not have held the numerous friends of his who crowded to do honour to the occasion. The visitors crammed the orchestra, the wings, the stage itself and many hundreds could not get admission at all. It was indeed a *benefit*. The legitimate drama triumphs here. Mr. Scott is playing the best of the Shakspeare characters with good success, particularly that of Lear in which he receives the loudest plaudits.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A new farce, of most exquisite humour has been brought out here; it is called "Asmodeus," and the incidents, the dialogue, and the general cast of the Dramatis Personæ ensure for it a long and prosperous run. It is of too light and improbable a character to deserve a grave description of its plot; suffice it therefore that Miss Clarke plays the character of a minstrel, who from certain unforeseen circumstances, is induced to assume that of Asmodeus towards a young man (Fenno) who is the lover of her sister (Miss Roberts). As the minstrel, she has the good fortune to obtain the favour of the Queen of Spain (Miss Taylor) and through her influence with the Queen she is able to do such things for her sister's lover as would seem to amount to *diablerie* itself. The incidents are numerous, such are always to be found in Spanish plots, and some of them are ludicrous enough. The plot unravels itself with just sufficient ease to the auditory, and it is happily brought to a denouement amidst the laughter and applause of the delighted visitors. The mixture of archness and *naïvete* in the performance of Miss Clarke is in the highest degree excellent, so is also the dignified carriage of Miss Taylor. Fenno is capital as a rollicking young fellow, conscious that he has a familiar always at hand to minister to his wishes; Nickinson is very good in a time-serving selfish old tutor, Everard is a good Spanish cardinal-confessor, Miss Roberts a clever *grisette*, and afterwards a countess, and Clarke was actually good as The King of Spain. This is truly a *telling* piece, and has in it some strokes of wit and humour.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—The veritable Jim Crow (Rice) is at present "lord of the ascendant" at this Theatre. We should be inclined to remark that this is sufficient to attract full houses, were it not that here the full houses are in perpetual succession from some cause or other. It would appear that Mr. Rice's role of characters is one of perennial return; neither he nor they ever get old, and those who laughed "even to side-aching" at his Jim Crow, and his Ginger Blue, "long, long ago" laugh as loudly and as long even now. His "Otello" is a rich treat.

Literary Notices.

MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—No. 12.—New York: George Virtue, John Street.—The number before us of this elegant edition of the Holy Scriptures, is embellished with a fine engraving representing "The Daughter of Jephtha coming to welcome her father's return after victory," and beautiful indeed is both the design and the execution of it. This will be one of the most splendid editions of the Bible, extant.

MORSE'S CEROGRAPHIC MAPS. No 4.—Harper & Brothers have earned the thanks of the community at large by this beautiful and very cheap publication. It is, we understand, exceedingly popular and doubtless it will soon be introduced into all the schools of our country.

COSMOS.—By Humboldt.—No. 2 of this renowned production has just been issued by the Harpers, containing a mass of interesting and highly instructive matter relating to earthquakes, volcanoes, and other phenomena of the world we live in. This book has caused a deep sensation by its appearance, throughout Continental Europe.

ONLY A FIDDLER AND O. T.—Translated from the Danish by Mary Howett.—This new production of the author of "The Improvisatore or life in Italy" will doubtless be read with avidity; it has been very highly spoken of by the English Journals, and this might have been expected of the good taste and skill of the talented translator.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTERY.—By Walter Cooper Dendy.—Harper & Brothers.—This is a philosophic discussion of spirits, dreams, trances and the thousand mysterious phenomena of actual life or imagination. It contains a great number of anecdotes in regard to these subjects and seeks a rational and philosophic explanation of them. It is admirably adapted to popular circulation, as the subject is of an universal interest; and the manner in which it is described renders it not only interesting but highly instructive. It is prepared with care, written in a style of ease and elegance and is well worthy of the place the publishers have given it, as No III of their *New Miscellany*. It is very handsomely printed and bound in a single duodecimo volume of about 450 pages, and is

sold at fifty cents. It cannot fail to be received with favor by the reading public.

The Harpers have also published No. 4 of the splendidly illustrated edition of the *Wandering Jew*, and No. 43 of their *Illuminated Bible*: both of which respectively claim the highest merit, and deserve the widest possible popularity.

WESTERN CLEARINGS.—By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—The authoress of this very clever work, is already well known in literature under the *nom de guerre* of Mary Clavers, and the work itself deserves the earnest attention of all who are curious in manners, customs, and sectional peculiarities. In about fourteen chapters she has laid before the world many curious facts, and incidents, illustrative of places and people in the western regions; and this she has done in a manner at once pleasing and instructive. We consider her indeed, as a benefactress to her generation, and in ornament to the Republic of Letters; and the publishers in selecting this as one of their specimens of "American Books," deserve the thanks of the reading public.

THE RAVEN, AND OTHER POEMS.—By Edgar A. Poe.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—This work comes under the same category as the foregoing; it is one of "The Library of American Books," and its contents are from the pen of one who has written and continues to write well. Mr. Poe is an active *Littérateur*, and his reputation is widely and deservedly spread. We are of those, however, who think that "Poems written during youth" no matter by whom written, are best preserved for the eye of the writer. The public forget the *youth*, and dwell only on the positive merits or demerits of the writing.

THE OATH.—By Rev. D. X. Junkin.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—The subject of this book, and the manner in which the author has handled it, are worthy of grave attention by every thinking man. It is viewed as a religious obligation, as a lawful and expedient institution; it is considered with respect to both its uses and abuses; in short, as few or none pass through life without having to incur the obligation, or having to rely on its force, and many by their position are called upon frequently to make it, it cannot be too well, or too clearly brought home to every one's conscience and understanding, and we therefore cordially commend the work to public regard.

THE O'DONOHUE.—By Charles Lever.—New York: Burgess and Stringer.—The name of the author is a sufficient passport for the merit of this tale. The literary father of Charles O'Malley, Harry Lorrequer, and a host of others, is welcomed when he introduces another of his progeny. This work, as well as the "St. Patrick's Eve" which is included in the volume before us, has already been well received, through the medium of the Dublin University Magazine; it will be still more acceptable when gathered together into a compact volume, as it is here presented.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS, FOR 1846.—New York: John Doggett, Jr.—An immense store of practical information is here brought into a small compass,—that namely of a small volume so compact that it may be stowed in the pocket of a vest. It is a description of New York, with a small and well executed map. But it is much more than this, for in the first place it is a daily memorandum book and almanac, secondly it is a general directory for New York, by which strangers may facilitate their purposes without always the unpleasant necessity of asking information from others. There is not a subject connected with locomotion, business, ordinary expenses, customs, duties, magistracy, &c. &c. but is plainly and methodically laid down; and the citizen as well as the casual sojourner may hereby be saved from imposition.

THE CRIES OF NEW YORK.—The Poetry by Frances S. Osgood.—New York: John Doggett Jr.—This ingenious pamphlet is intended for juveniles and is illustrated with fifteen engravings on wood; but it likewise contains a lucid description of the city and environs, desirable for young persons to know, and furnishing a stimulus to enquiry.

EDINBURGH REVIEW FOR OCTOBER 1845, AND LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, FOR 1845.—New York: Leonard Scott & Co.—The admirable reprint of these valuable works is just issued. To praise them would be superfluous, as they are well known to stand at the head of all critical literature.

THE EMPRESS AND THE ACTRESS.

Among the few actresses who have achieved a European reputation, Mdile Contat was one of the most remarkable, no less for histrionic talent than for the brilliancy of her wit, and the amiability of her personal character. The following pretty *mot* is related of her in connexion with the early portion of her career. The Queen Marie Antoinette had a particular desire to see her in a certain character—that of *La Gouvernante*—which she had never played, and which was in no respect suited either to her age at that time, (in 1789), or to her style of acting. Moreover, the piece had been commanded to be played on the day following that on which the Queen had expressed her desire to see the character enacted by Mdile Contat. She was, however, devotedly attached to the Queen, and, by almost incredible exertions, she was enabled to study and perform it within the required time. On speaking afterwards of the difficulty she had overcome in accomplishing this self-imposed task, she said:—"I did not know till now in what part of the human frame the memory is situated; but I have now learned that it is in the heart."

During the revolutionary struggle which followed the death of Louis XVI, Mdile Contat had been intimately connected with Madame Beauharnois, who much courted the society of celebrated artists and actors; and after she became the wife of the First Consul, and subsequently the Empress of the French, the amiable Josephine still continued to receive them with a favor almost amounting to her old friendship; so much so, that she sometimes found herself in embarrassing positions with the Emperor, from which she found it difficult to extricate herself. The little history we are about to relate is one of the most amusing of them.

One day in August, 1805, Mdile Contat, who was a great favorite of the Empress, called to pay her Majesty a visit at the Palace of St. Cloud; and

Josephine, on taking leave of her, asked her to come and breakfast with her the next morning. The request, of course, amounted to a command. On reflection, however, the next morning, Josephine felt that she had acted inconsiderately, knowing as she did, the importance the Emperor attached to the due observance of the etiquette of his court. She therefore consulted Madam de la Rochefoucault, one of her ladies in waiting, whom she regarded as oracular in these matters, as to how she should get out of the scrape of receiving an actress to breakfast with her, yet avoid that affront which her kindly nature forbade her to inflict on any one. Madam de la Rochefoucault agreed that it was impossible her Majesty could fulfil her engagement, and declared that she saw no alternative but that of her Majesty being taken ill! Accordingly, her Majesty was taken ill immediately; she had her breakfast sent up to her in bed, and Madame de la Rochefoucault undertook to receive Mdlle Contat on her arrival, and explain to her the *contretemps* which must prevent her from seeing the Empress.

The shrewd *artiste* saw at once how matters stood, and immediately took her leave, and was returning to Paris in her carriage, when she was met by the Emperor, who was coming to St. Cloud, and who, on recognizing her, stopped his carriage, and spoke to her.

An explanation of her errand took place, and the cause of its being an abortive one. The Emperor, as Contat had done, saw through the affair immediately, and smiling significantly, he said to her—"It appears, then, that I have come in the very nick of time to fill the place of my wife. You came to breakfast with the Empress—you will, I hope, stay to breakfast with the Emperor."

The invitation was not to be gainsaid, and Mdlle Contat returned to the Palace, where the breakfast was a most agreeable one, the Emperor playing the amiable in the most fascinating manner.

In the meantime the Empress and her Lady of Honor had heard of the rencontre, and were not a little anxious as to the result, for they judged rightly that the Emperor was aware of all that had passed.

As soon as Mdlle Contat had taken her leave, the Emperor went to the apartment of Josephine, and with his usual brusquerie, addressed her as follows:—"Madam, when one commits an error, it is always better to bear the consequences boldly, than to throw them upon others shoulders. The case of Mdlle Contat is one which should have reminded you that Louis Quatorze once felt himself called upon to sit down to the table with Molire. I happened, in the present instance, to arrive in time to repair your error; but I must really beg you to observe that my time is too much occupied to admit of its being employed in repaying debts incurred by other people."

Josephine saw that Napoleon was really angry, and she wept—an appeal which never failed to touch Napoleon—who, instead of returning to Paris immediately, as he had intended, remained at St. Cloud the whole day with his beloved and too loving wife; and when Mdlle Contat visited the Empress some time afterwards, she thanked her for having been the occasion of one of the happiest days of her life.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

Up The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

DYSPEPSIA.—To soothe sufferings of humanity, to ameliorate the pangs of disease, is the grand object of medical science. This is efficiently demonstrated in the healing virtues of DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The cures effected by this medicine would fill volumes.

Views on Indigestion as a source of various Undefined and Irregular Nervous Sensations.

"Iills, small at first, grow larger from delay,
And slowly eat their sad and cankered way;
Thus by successive throes, the frame is torn,
Till health and peace of mind alike are gone."

The nerves of the human body—those necessary and mysterious agents which immediately connect man with external nature—are singularly prone to have their functions disordered by an oppressed condition of the stomach; the minute termination of that portion of the nerves expanded upon the organs of digestion conveying the morbid impression to the brain. And although the Head can, undoubtedly, like other organs, be the seat of primary disorder, yet, in the great majority of cases, the uneasy sensations there experienced are symptomatic of disordered Stomach; and, further, there is abundant evidence to prove that crudities in the Stomach and Bowels can, in every grade of human existence give rise to spasmodic action in every organ of the body; and whether we survey it in the agonising form of *Tic Doloreux*—the alarming convulsions of the Epileptic seizure—or in that irritable condition of the nerves of the heart occasioning nervous palpitation—they can all frequently be traced to the source above mentioned, and be cured by mild evacuant and tonic remedies. To relieve a state of so much suffering and distress, (in which body and mind also participate) BRANDRETH'S PILLS are confidently recommended; as, by combining aromatic tonic and cleansing properties, they remove all oppressive accumulations, strengthen the Stomach, induce a healthy appetite, and impart tranquility to the nervous system; and, in fact, by their general purifying power upon the blood, exert a most beneficial influence in all cases of disease.

Up Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 211 Broadway; also, at 274 Bowery, and 211 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

ST. PAUL.

MENDELSSOHN'S MAGNIFICENT ORATORIO OF ST. PAUL will be performed at the Tabernacle, on Thursday Evening, 27th Nov., under the direction of MR. GEORGE LODER.

Mr. H. C. TIMM will preside at the Organ.

The Solo parts will be sustained by the following eminent resident talent:—

Principal Soprano—Mrs. E. LODER.

" Contralto—Mrs. VALENTINE MOTT, jr., her first appearance in Oratorio.

" Tenore—Mr. ROBT. GEO. PAIGE, his first appearance in Oratorio.

" Basso—Mr. WM. S. ROGERS, his first appearance in Oratorio.

The choruses will be sustained by about one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, selected with particular reference to their musical qualifications.

The Orchestra will be unusually full and effective, and great pains have been taken to render it one of the best performances of the season.

TICKETS FIFTY CENTS EACH—may be had at the Music Stores of Firth & Hall, Firth, Hall & Pond, Atwill, Riley & Co., Jollie, Schafenburg & Luis, Hoyer, Millett, Godone, at the stores of Saxton & Miles, G. F. Nesbit, at the door of the Tabernacle on the evening of performance, and of H. MEIGGS, 446 Broadway.

N.B.—A fair price will be paid for two or three Piano Scores of St. Paul, with English words.

Also, for the FULL OR PIANO SCORES or instrumental parts of any Oratorio, which have not been performed in this city.

TABERNACLE.—FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.
MR. TEMPLETON will give a GRAND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT at the Tabernacle, on MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 24th, 1845, entitled
GEMS OF MELODY.

In the course of which will be introduced the following favorite songs:—

"Jessy, the Flower o' Dunblane."

"Old Towler."

"Black Eyed Sshan."

"The Bonnie Breast Knots."

"A Man's a Man for a' that."

"The Last Words of Marmon."

"Scott's Wha' Hae."

"The Bay of Biscay."

"I love her, how I love her."

Up Tickets Fifty Cents.—To be had at the Music Stores and at the door. Doors open at 7—commence at 8 and terminate at 10. Books of the words to be had at the door—price 12½ cents.

Up Mr. Templeton will also give a Concert at the Brooklyn Institute, on Tuesday Evening, 25th inst.; and at Washington Hall, Newark, on Wednesday Evening, 26th inst.

Nov 22-It

MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER FLETCHER, D.D.

This day is published Part 12.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THIS Edition of the Holy Scriptures has already received the approbation of the American Clergy of all denominations. Mr Fletcher's abilities for the task he has undertaken are well known. The Notes, like the Engravings, are so contrived as not to interrupt the Sacred text. The examination of the work is its best advertisement. No. 12 has a beautiful engraving of "Jephtha's Return." The 12 numbers already issued show good evidence that the publisher's department will not vary except for the better.

GEO. VIRTUE, 26 John St. (Nov 22-It)

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—FOURTH SEASON

THE public are respectfully informed that the FIRST Concert of the present Season will take place at the Apollo Rooms on SATURDAY, Nov. 22.

Subscribers, and those intending to subscribe, who have not yet given in their names, are requested to do so at their earliest convenience, at the store of Messrs. Scharfeneberg & Luis, 361 Broadway.—By order,

JAMES L. ENSIGN, Sec'y.

THE GOLDEN RULE OF TRADE—THE CASH SYSTEM.—Is daily and hourly developing its immense advantages over the old and nearly exploded ruinous Credit System; and in no branch of business are the benefits more felt both by buyer and seller, than in the very necessary one of a merchant tailor. The undersigned (distinct from the humbugging practices of the day, such as offering fine coats, &c., at very low prices,) would solicit the attention of gentlemen who are in want of really good clothing, to a large assortment of fine and fashionable West of England and French Cloths, Casimères, Waistcoats, &c., of every shade and style, just received direct from Europe, and selected for his special use, all of which will be manufactured in the most fashionable and elegant manner, with every regard to that faithfulness of workmanship that for 18 years has characterized his establishment. For cash only—but at prices competing with the cheapest in the city—while he guarantees his articles shall be the very best and in every respect equal in quality to those the most costly.

Mr. C. H. Babcock, long and favorably known as a fashionable and tasteful cutter, is re-engaged, and C. C. asserts confidently that one trial of his establishment will induce continued patronage.

Gentlemen who are in want of superior garments, at the VERY CHEAPEST RATES, will do well to call on CHARLES COX, Agent for the Original Cash Tailoring Establishment, No. 9 Wall-st., cor. New-st., (Sign of the Golden Fleece.)

N.B.—Making and Trimming respectively solicited and promptly attended to, at prices commensurate with the above. Ladies' Habits, &c.

Nov 15-1m.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED FIVE YEARS.

MR. OLIVER B. GOLDSMITH, the American Penman, is now teaching his beautiful system of Penmanship, to all (old and young,) for the nominal sum of THREE DOLLARS, and no extra charge. Apply early at the Academy, 289 Broadway, La Farge Buildings. Class Hours,—11 A.M. daily, for Ladies. Gentlemen at 9 A.M. and 3 and 7 P.M. Private instruction given. For Sale, Goldsmith's "Gems of Penmanship."

Extract of a Letter from the Hon. John Q. Adams, Ex-President of the United States.

"Your 'Gems of Penmanship' is executed with great elegance, and is among the choicest specimens of Penmanship that I have ever seen."

From the New York Courier & Enquirer.

"The Chirographic art is much more important to mankind than it is generally considered, and Mr. Goldsmith may very well claim to be considered at its head."

From the New World.

"Mr. Goldsmith has no rival in this country as a penman, or as a teacher of his art."

From the Boston Morning Post.

"Mr. Goldsmith, judging from what we have seen, we must pronounce him unrivaled, in the use of the Pen."

Nov. 15-1f.

ROULSTONE'S RIDING SCHOOL,

NO. 137 AND 139 MERCER STREET, NEW YORK.

MR. ROULSTONE has the honour of informing the Public and the Patrons of the Establishment, that the School is now open Day and Evening for Equestrian tuition and Exercise Riding.

Since the close of last Season the School has undergone thorough repair, and is brilliantly lighted with gas.

The School for Ladies is open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M. For Gentlemen from April 1st to Oct. 31st from 6 to 8 o'clock A.M., and from Nov. 1st to March 31st from 7 to 10 P.M.

No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.

Up Gentlemen keeping their horses in this establishment, will have the privilege of riding them in the school gratis.

For terms apply at the School, 137 Mercer Street, between Houston and Prince Street.

DISBROW'S RIDING SCHOOL, 408 BOWERY,

NEAR ASTOR AND LA FAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

MR. DISBROW has the honour to announce that his School is open Day and Evening, for Equestrian Tuition and exercise Riding.

TERMS:

LECTURE LESSONS.	EXERCISE RIDING.
16 Lessons.....\$15 00	1 Month.....\$12 00
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4 do5 00	10 do6 00
Single Lessons.....2 00	Single Rides.....75
Road do2 50	

N. B.—Highly trained and quiet Horses, for the Road or Parade, to let.

EVENING CLASS.

12 Lessons	\$9 00	20 Rides.....	\$10 00
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RULES.

1—All Lessons or Rides paid for on commencing.

2—One hour allowed on each Lesson or Ride in School.

3—One hour and a half to a Lesson or Ride.

4—Hours for Ladies, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

5—No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.

6—Only 3 months allowed for a Course of Lessons or Rides.

N. B.—The School has been refitted and furnished with Stoves. Ladies in delicate health need be under no apprehension of taking cold.

A card of address is requested previous to commencing.

Nov. 15-3m.

ALEXANDER WATSON, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office No. 77 Nassau Street—House No. 426 Broome Street—Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. (Up A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City, without any extra charge. (My 24-ly.

JAMES PIRSSON,

PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER,

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A large stock of the finest Instruments always on hand.

TERMS MODERATE.

[Ju7-6m.]

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EDUCATION.

REV. R. T. HUDDART'S CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Fourteenth Street, between University Place and Fifth Avenue.

THE buildings for this Establishment have been erected expressly for the purposes intended, according to plans carefully prepared with reference to the specific object in view, and whether it be the extent of the accommodation, the general convenience for order, system, and regularity, or the comfort of the Pupils which had to be consulted, all have received an equal share of attention, forming, it is believed, one of the best arranged places for Education in the city.

The Institution occupies a front on Fourteenth Street of 75 feet, by 56 feet deep, five stories high, supplied throughout with Croton Water, and each story furnished with screw pipe to connect with hose in case of fire, besides facilities of egress, beyond what are usually provided. The dormitories consist of thirty-two separate rooms, well ventilated, neatly furnished, calculated to hold two, and some of them three pupils each. Hot, cold, and shower baths are constantly ready for use; in short, every thing which could be desired, or thought of, to preserve the health, promote the comfort, and advance the education of young gentlemen, with all the supervision, restrictions, and guarantees of a well regulated School have here been concentrated. In the rear of the play-ground, on 13th-st., a spacious room has been built, 75 feet by 30—fitted up with all the apparatus of a First Class Gymnasium—where the pupils can play in unfavourable weather, and which is likewise intended for lectures and forensic exercises.

The School Department is so constructed as to bring all the classes under the supervision of the Master, from one central point of observation, thus enabling him to cooperate essentially with his Associate Teachers in the maintenance of order and discipline. The desks and seats provided for each pupil, are such as will satisfy every parent, that the growth of the body, and development of the physical frame, have not been forgotten in the arrangements of the establishment.

This situation is, perhaps, the most eligible which could have been selected, as regards health, and facility of access. All the advantages of the best Instructors and Professors are available, whilst the benefits of a country residence are gained by the out-door athletic exercises which can be enjoyed in the spacious play-ground, or in the Gymnasium.

Further information as to course of study, and other particulars interesting to parents, may be obtained on application to Mr. Huddart, at his residence in Fourteenth street.

TERMS—For Boarders \$300 per annum, (without accomplishments).—Day Boarders \$30 per quarter.—Day Scholars \$30 per quarter.

Oct. 18.

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The peculiar advantage secured to the assured by the principles of the LOAN Department, thus blending the utility of a Savings Bank with Life Insurance!

A large sum to be permanently invested in the United States in the names of three of the Local Directors, (as Trustees)—available always to the assured as a Guarantee Fund.

The payment of premiums, annually, half-yearly, quarterly, or monthly.

No charge for stamp duty.

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Conditions in the policy less onerous to the assured than usual in cases of Life Assurance. (See pamphlet.)

The actual and declared profits (published in successive Reports) affording sure data for calculations of the value of the "bonus" in this institution. These profits will at each division be PAID IN CASH if desired.

Being unconnected with Marine or Fire Insurance.

The rates "for life with profits" are lower than those of any other foreign COMPANY EFFECTING LIFE INSURANCE IN NEW YORK.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan Department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

A Medical Examiner is in attendance at the office daily, at 12 o'clock noon, and 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society.

(Sept. 6. J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

MASTIC CEMENT.

MESSRS. J. & H. FRANKLAND and THOMAS HARRIS beg to recommend to the attention of all persons interested in buildings, their much approved Mastic, which is the most durable and beautiful composition ever yet invented for covering the exterior of dwelling houses or public buildings, in imitation of marble or stone; no lime or water enters into the composition of the Mastic, which consists of boiled linseed oil, of a thick consistency, which, with the oxides and carbonate of lead, and other ingredients, forms a cement impervious to water, hard as a stone, and of great durability. Specimens may be seen and every information given on application to

Nov. 15-3m. CHAS. H. MOUNTAIN, Architect, 17 Wall-st., N.Y.

N.B.—Mr. C. H. Mountain has at present a vacancy in his office for a youth who has a taste for drawing.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principy M. Segars in all their variety.

A Leaf Tobacco for Sugar Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco. [Ju7-ly.]

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1. THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, being a History of the People as well as a History of the Kingdom, from 55 before Christ to the end of the Reign of George III., in 8 vols., super royal, Svo., cloth, with many hundred wood cuts.—Price \$35.00.

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Also.—The MAPS of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," complete and bound in 2 vols., 12mo., with an Index to Places.—\$5.00.

[Sept. 20-ff.]

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has a large stock of flowers on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with plants.

Ap. 20 ff.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES, BY J. T. WILLISTON, Dealer in Watches, No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up-stairs, cor. Broadway—All Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Wm. A. Gamble, whose reputation as watch repairer is unequalled, having been engaged for nine years in the most celebrated manufactures in Europe, enables him to repair the most complicated work that can be produced.

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GUNTER'S DINING SALOON,

No. 147 Fulton Street, New York.

H. H. GUNTER having taken the above house, begs leave respectfully to inform his numerous friends in the City and Country that the Establishment has under his charge undergone a thorough renovation, and it now affords one of the most elegant and eligible places of refreshment in the City, for visitors or those whose business or professional pursuits require them to be in the lower part of the city during the hours of Meals.

H. H. G. would also assure those who may be disposed to favor him with their patronage, that while the viands shall in all cases be the best the markets can afford, the charges will at all times be confined within the limits of the most rigid economy.

[O] Open on Sundays.

Ju.14-6m.

DR. POWELL, M.D.,

Oculist and Operative Surgeon, 261 Broadway cor. Warren Street.

ATTENDS to DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES of Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most invertebrate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and offices 261 Broadway (cor. Warren-st.)

Sept. 13-ly.

FIRST PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY,

Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.

AT this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of DAGUERREOTYPE LIKENESSES on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. begs to claim superiority.

II. The American Institute awarded a First Premium, at the late Fair, to Mr. M. B. BRADY for the most EFFECTIVE Miniatures exhibited.

* Instructions carefully given in the Art.—Plates, Cases, Apparatus's, &c., supplied.

M. B. BRADY.

[Ap19.]

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. Gillott. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.

" " " " " Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.

View of the Jet at Harlem River.

Fountain in the Park, New York.

" in Union Park, " "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrei Pen, combining strength with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

CHEAP AND QUICK TRAVELLING TO THE WESTERN STATES, CANADA, &c., FOR 1845, FROM TAPSCOTT'S EMIGRATION OFFICE, South Street, corner Maiden Lane

FALO in 36 hours. CLEVELAND in 60 hours.

DETROIT in 4 days.

MILWAUKIE, RACINE, SOUTHPORT, and CHICAGO in 6 days. TORONTO, HAMILTON, QUEENSTOWN, &c., CANADA, in 2½ to 3 days. THE Subscriber having made arrangements with various first class lines of boats on the Erie, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Wabash Canals, Buffalo and Central Railroads, &c., Steamboats on the North River, Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Steamboats and Railroads to Philadelphia, and Baltimore, &c., are enabled to forward Emigrants and others to any part of the Western States and Canada, in the very shortest time, and at the lowest possible rates.

Persons going West are invited to call at the office and examine the "Emigrant's Travelling Guide," showing the time, distance, rates of passage, extra baggage, &c., to almost any part of the Union. Parties in the country wishing one of the above Guides, will have the same forwarded, or any information will be cheerfully communicated by addressing, post paid,

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., corner Maiden Lane,
Mylo-ff.

G. B. CLARKE,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Bundage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

GENERAL SCALE OF PRICES.

Fine Cloth Dress Coats from.....	\$16.00 to \$20.00
" Bik Cess Pants (DoeSkin).....	6.00 to 8.50
" Satin Vests of the very best quality.....	3.50 to 4.50

PRICES FOR MAKING AND TRIMMING.

Dress Coats	\$7.0 to \$9.00
Pants and Vests	1.50 to 2.00

John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

CLAPE A Specimen Coat always to be seen.

G. B. CLARKE, 132 William Street.

(Mr8-tf.)

WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THIS Subscribers beg to announce that the above Hotel, situated in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, Superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Table will be plentifully supplied with the Substantial and Luxuries of the Season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest WINES and LIQUORS. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

CLEATEN and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

Mr31-tf.

BELL & INGLIS.

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,

SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. W. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS, AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of those Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT,
South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool—

WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 96 Waterloo Road.

(Mr10-tf.)

DAGUERREOTYPES.

PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 251 Broadway corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewelry Store,) awarded the Medal, *four Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.*

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places notwithstanding no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c. &c., for warded to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufactory.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above.

Mr29.

DRAFTS ON GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

PERSONS wishing to remit money to their friends in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can be supplied with drafts payable at sight without discount, for any amount from £1 upwards, at the following places, viz.:—

IN ENGLAND—The National and Provincial Bank of England; Messrs. J. Barnard & Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; Messrs. Jas. Bult, Son & C., London, and branches throughout England and Wales.

IN IRELAND—The National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank and branches throughout Ireland.

IN SCOTLAND—The Eastern Bank of Scotland, National Bank of Scotland, Greenock Banking Company, and branches throughout Scotland.

Mr10-tf.

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st. cor. Maiden Lane.

JOHN HERDMAN & CO'S OLD ESTABLISHED UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND EMIGRANT OFFICE,

61 South Street, New York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

PASSAGE to and from Great Britain and Ireland by the regular Liverpool packet ships, sailing every five days. The subscribers in calling the attention of old countrymen and the public generally, to their unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons here by their friends, beg to state, that after this year the business of the house at Liverpool will be conducted by its branch, under the name of Herdmam, Keenan & Co. Those sending for their friends through this establishment, will at once see the great importance of having a branch of the house in Liverpool, as it will preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant. The ships employed in this Line are well known to be of the first and largest class, and very fast sailers, commanded by kind and experienced men; and as they sail every five days from Liverpool, offers every facility that can be furnished. With such superior arrangements, the subscribers look forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to them for so many years past, and in case of any of them engaged do not bark, the passage money will be refunded as customary.

The steamboat passage from the various ports to Liverpool, can also be secured, if required.

Drafts and Bills of Exchange.—Those remitting money to their friends may rely it will be done satisfactorily by their remitting the amount they wish sent, at the rate of \$5 per pound sterling, with the name and address of the person for whom it is intended. A draft will then be forwarded per first packet, ship, or steamer, and a receipt for same returned by mail. Drafts are made payable at the following Banking Institutions on demand, without any charge, viz.:—

In England, Messrs. James Bult, Son & Co., Bankers, London; Messrs. J. Barnard & Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; National Provincial Bank of England and Branches throughout England and Wales. Yorkshire District Bank and Branches Birmingham Banking Company, Lancaster Banking Company.

In Ireland—National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank of Ireland, and their branches in all the principal towns throughout the country.

In Scotland, Greenock Banking Company; in Glasgow and Greenock, Eastern Bank of Scotland and Branches.

For further particulars, apply, if by letter, post-paid, to

JOHN HERDMAN & CO., 61 South-st., N. York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

N.B.—First class ships are despatched from New York to New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and Savannah, during the fall of each year, by which freight and passengers are taken at the lowest rates. We will also be prepared to forward passengers and their baggage, on arrival from Europe, to all parts of the interior, by the different canal and railroad routes, at the lowest rates.

Nov.8-tf.

CARD.—Mr. GEORGE HARVEY, having been requested by a few distinguished Ladies to give Lessons in DRAWING and PAINTING, is desirous to form two or three classes more. He has taken rooms for the winter at No. 11 Park Place, one of which is suitable for a class of six pupils, while another will be used for the exhibition of his various works.

The time not occupied in teaching will be devoted to Painting and Pictorial Illustrations. His terms, for single lessons, at the Pupil's residence, or for classes, may be known by inquiring at his studio.

Nov.8-tf.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

GENTLEMEN or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as WEAKING APPAREL, either Ladies or Gentlemen's, JEWELRY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c., by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same.

H. LEVETT,

Office No. 2 Wall-street, N.Y.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment.

All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to.

My24-tf.

HOTEL DE PARIS.

ANTOINE VIGNES, one of the late proprietors of the Perkins' House, Boston, respectfully informs his friends and the travelling public, that he has opened the house No. 290 Broadway, entrance on Reade Street, called the HOTEL DE PARIS, where he will be happy to accommodate those who may patronise him, with Board and Lodging, by the day, week or month, on the most reasonable terms.

The table will be furnished with the best the market affords, and the Wines and Liquors of very superior quality.

Oct.4-3m.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

297 Broadway, New York.

FRILEY & Co., (one of the oldest publishing houses and manufacturers of Instruments in the U. S.), keep constantly on hand a well assorted stock of Music, to which they add constantly, their own and all the new publications as soon as issued, which with their stock of Instruments (manufactured by themselves and imported) and other Musical merchandise enables them to fill any order they may be favored with in the United States, Canada, or the West Indies, with promptness and despatch.

Military bands supplied, and instruments warranted. Orders from Schools and Academies solicited.

Sept.13-3m.

BOARDING IN SOUTH BROOKLYN—A small family are desirous of increasing their domestic circle by the addition of three or four members. They have pleasant single rooms, with conveniences for fire, which will be rented, with breakfast and tea. The locality is very desirable in Warren street near Henry, about 5 minutes walk from South Ferry. Address L. at this Office.

Oct.25tf.

CHURCH.—PARLOUR AND CHURCH BARREL ORGANS.

THIS subscriber continues to manufacture Organs in the most superior manner, and upon liberal terms.

Also, those most useful Instruments—Church Barrel Organs—of which he was the first to introduce into this country—and for country Churches where Organists cannot be procured, they are invaluable.

He has been awarded the first Premiums, Viz. Gold and Silver Medals, for the best Organs, for the last six successive years, at the great Fair of the American Institute, of this city.

GEORGE JARDINE, Organ Builder,

83 Anthony St. New York.

Aug. 23.—6m.

NEW ORGAN.

MR. GEORGE JARDINE, of this city, having lately erected an Organ in the Prot. Reformed Dutch Church in Franklin St., the subscribers cannot refrain from expressing in the present form, their unqualified approbation of the instrument, with which they have been furnished from his manufactory.

They also feel it to be due to that gentleman, to bear their decided testimony in favour of his character and conduct, as developed in their recent business transactions with him.

A person so liberal in his terms, and true to his engagements, so honourable in his dealing and courteous in his manners, can not fail (in their opinion) to commend himself to the confidence of the Religious community, as an Organ Builder; and to secure for himself a large share of public patronage in the line of his profession.

New York, July 14, 1845.

Signed by Jas. B. Hardenberg, Pastor of the Church. Ben. Wood, John Barringer, D. T. Blauvelt, Theo. Brett, Matthew Duff, Henry Esler, Leon'd. Bleeker. Stephen Williamson, Harman Blanwett, members of the consistory. C. N. B. Ostrander, Levi Apgar, Peter Vannest, Organ Committee.

Aug. 23—6m.

FOR THE CURE OF BALDNESS AND GREY HAIR,

BY LETTERS PATENT OF THE U. S.

CLIREHUGHS' TRICOPHEROUS cures Baldness, prevents Grey hair entirely, and eradicates Scurf and Dandruff. This article differs from all the other advertised nostrums of the day. Its manufacture is based upon a thorough physiological knowledge of the growth of the hair and its connection with the skin, as well as a knowledge of the various diseases which affect both. The Tricopherous is not intended to anoint the hair with, its application is only to the skin, and to act through the skin on the nerves, blood vessels, &c., connected with the root or bulb of the hair. Thus by keeping up the action on the skin, encouraging a healthy circulation which must not be allowed to subside, the baldest head may be again covered with a new growth, and the greyest hair changed to its original colour. It is admirably adapted as a wash for the head, having the same effect upon Scurf and Dandruff that hot water has upon sugar, clearing every furaceous appearance from the skin, which is frequently the primary cause of baldness and grey hair. In most cases one bottle will stop the hair from falling off. Principal office 305 Broadway, (up stairs), adjoining St. Paul's, and sold by all respectable Druggists and Perfumers in the principal cities of the U.S., Canada, Cuba, Brazil, &c.

Sept. 6-3m.

J. BYRNE'S CHEAP CASH TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

No 26 ANN STREET,

Would respectfully call the attention of the public to his following low list of prices:—

Fine Dress and Frock Coats	\$12.00
Making and Trimming	5.00 to 8.00
Cassimere Pants	4.00 to 8.00
Making and Trimming	1.50 to 2.00
Vests	3.00 to 5.00
Making and Trimming	1.50 to 2.00

The proprietor feels assured that for style and workmanship, he cannot be surpassed by any house in the city.

Gentlemen are requested to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

Aug. 30-tf.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

THE Great Western Steam-ship Co.'s steam ship GREAT WESTERN, Captain Matthews; and their new Iron Steam-ship GREAT BRITAIN, Capt. Hosken, are appointed to sail during the year 1845, as follows:—

FROM LIVERPOOL.			FROM NEW-YORK.		
Great Western	Saturday	17th May	Great Western	Thursday	12th June
Great Western	do	5th July	Great Western	do	31st July
Great Britain	do	2d Aug.	Great Britain	Saturday	30th Aug.
Great Western	do	23d Aug.	Great Western	Thursday	18th Sept.
Great Britain	do	27th Sep.	Great Britain	Saturday	25th Oct.
Great Western	do	11th Oct.	Great Western	Thursday	1st Nov.
Great Britain	do	22d Nov.	Great Britain	Saturday	20th Dec.

Passage money per Great Western, from New-York to Liverpool, \$100, and \$35 Stew ard's fee.

For freight or passage, apply to

RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front-street.

Mylo-tf.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

To sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Depoyster, 26 Sept.			SHERIDAN, Capt. Depoyster, 11th Nov.		
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 26th Oct.			GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 11th Dec.		
ROSCUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 26th Nov.			ROSCUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 11th Jan.		
SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 26th Dec.			SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 11th Feb.		

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

E. K. COLLINS & CO., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to

BROWN, SHIPLEY & CO., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12½ cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My 21-tf.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains,	FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
WATERLOO,	W. H. Allen,	Nov. 11, Mar. 11, July 11	Dec. 26, Ap. 26, Aug. 26,
JOHN R. SKIDDY,	Wm. Skiddy,	Dec. 11, April 11, Aug. 11	Jan. 26, May 26, Sept. 26
STEPHEN WHITNEY,	Thompson,	Jan. 11, May 11, Sept. 11	Feb. 26, Ju. 26, Oct. 26
VIRGINIAN,	C. A. Heintz,	Feb. 11, June 11, Oct. 11	Mar. 26, Jul. 26, Nov. 26

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The owner will not be responsible for any letter, parcel, or package, sent by the above ships for which bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South-street. My 21-tf.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS,

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the ship will be despatched on the succeeding day.

Ships. Captains. From New York. From Liverpool.

Ashburton,	H. Huston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6,	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21,
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delanz,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6,	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21,
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	July 6, Nov. 6,	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21,
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6,	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21,

These ships are of very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & CO., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to

CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & CO., Liverpool.

My 31-tf.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James	F. R. Moyers	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland	R. H. Giswold	10, 10, 10	10 March 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladiator	R. L. Bunting	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator	J. M. Chadwick	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	1, 20, 20
Switzerland	E. Knight	10, 10, 10	10 April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec	F. B. Hebard	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria	E. E. Martin	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1	20, 20, 20
Wellington	D. Chadwick	10, 10, 10	10 May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Hendrick Hudson	G. Moore	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert	W. S. Sabor	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	20, 20, 20
Toronto	E. G. Tinker	10, 10, 10	10 June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster	Hovey	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wine and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & CO., 78 South-st., or to

JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

My 21-tf.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 16, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowther,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, Oct. 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessel in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & CO., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N.Y.,

SANDS'S SARSAPOILLA,

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

The operation of this preparation is three-fold. It acts as a tonic, strengthening the digestive power and restoring the appetite, as an aperient, peculiarly suited and gentle in its laxative effect, and as an antiseptic, purifying the fluids of the body, and neutralizing in the blood the active principle of disease. The many well authenticated cures of Scrofula of the most malignant character, wrought by Sands's Sarapoilla, have given it a wide and deserved celebrity. But it is not alone in Scrofula nor in the class of diseases to which it belongs, that this preparation has been found beneficial. It is a specific in many diseases of the skin, and may be administered with favourable results in all; it also exercises a controlling influence in bilious complaints; and when the system has been debilitated either by the use of powerful mineral medicines or other aseases, it will be found an excellent restorative.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."—LET THE FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.—The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits. Let the afflicted read and be convinced; what it has done once, it will do again.

Charlestown, Mass., Sept. 23, 1845.
This may certify that my son, now aged seventeen, has been for ten years afflicted with the Scrofulous Humor. At the age of seven years he had the measles, which sorely caused this humor to make its appearance in a most singular way, covering his body from his head to his feet with small tumors. I consulted a Doctor of Medicine, and he examined him three days in succession, and not understanding his case, advised me to consult Dr. Rogers, of New York, then being a resident of that city. After a long and critical examination, having more than thirty other medical gentlemen with him at the time, he pronounced it Scrofula, or King's Evil. The child was then prescribed for, and commenced taking medical drugs from that time. He grew worse until June of 1837, and then his bones became affected in consequence of the mercury that had been given him. A piece of bone came away from his underjaw, in the first place, as large as an English walnut, a piece from his forehead as large as a sixpence, and a piece from near the crown of his head. It then went to the back and side, and discharged in three places. From thence to one of his limbs, separating, in consequence of the ulceration, the muscles and cord from the bones of the ankle joint on the back part. He had at one time fifteen running sores or issues from the glands of the throat and those places I have mentioned. In 1840 I lived in Portsmouth, N.H., and he was attacked with a Rheumatic Fever, which settled in one of his hips, which swelled as large as three of the other. Being under medical treatment, they gave him audiomus to help him, and restored his mind and reason. The third time he was attacked with this fever in 1842, when hearing of Dr. Sands's Sarapoilla, and being perfectly satisfied that all other medicines had failed of effecting a cure, I sent and procured six bottles, and by the time he had taken it all I considered him well. Those places healed—he became bright and lively—color came to his face and lips—from that time till the fall of 1844, his complaints never troubling him. At that time he became lame, which continued until last March, when his right eye became affected; from that to the left eye, covering the sight of the eye so that he was in a great measure deprived of sight.

Knowing that Dr. Sands's Sarapoilla was the only medicine that had ever done him any good, I applied to Mr. Fowle, Apothecary at Boston, for more. He has taken fifteen dollars' worth, which has removed the humor from his eyes and hearing, and he now appears to be cured, and radically so. I verily believe the last trouble might have been avoided if I had continued thoroughly the use of Dr. Sands's Sarapoilla when he was under the influence of the medicine the first time.

These are the simple statements of the facts of the case, and I feel it my duty to make those facts known to the public, for the benefit of those who may be afflicted in like manner: feeling a full conviction the cure has been effected solely from the effect of this invaluable medicine.

HANNAH W. BECK, 228 Main st.

Suffolk, ss. Boston, Oct. 13, 1845.—Then personally appeared the above-named Hannah W. Beck, and made solemn oath that the above certificate, by her subscribed, and statement therein contained, are true.—Before me,

JAMES RICE,
Justice of the Peace.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggist, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y.
Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Birkle, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarapoilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarapoilla, and take no other.

Jill 19-tf.

PARK'S LIFE PILLS.

READ the following testimonial in favor of PARK'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N.Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. L. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Park's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia, in which opinion Mr. A. Bellamy, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspepsic diseases.

(Signed)

S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents.—Having used Park's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave to justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify much.

Yours respectfully,

WM. H. HACKETT

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Park's Life Pills, I feel it duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. It tried every remedy after me, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Park's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia. Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Park's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,

Yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH BARNE, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts &